HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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Our Serials and our Circulation.

FOR several months past we have printed from EIGHTY to NINETY-THREE THOUSAND COPIES per week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, more than DOUBLE that of any other Illustrated paper in the country.

WE conclude in this number the admirable serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by CHARLES READE, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by C. Keene. This exquisite Story has been printed *from early proof-sheets* PURCHASED *exclusively by us from the Author.*

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. DICKENS's new serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and Mr. CURTIS's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

For terms, etc., see advertisement on the 15th page of this paper.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. II.

SUNDAY EVENING IN A BEER GARDEN.

ALONG the sidewalks of the Bowery move multitudes of idlers. The crowd is oppressive, for it is Sunday night; and Germany, knowing no home delights, pours itself forth in social revelry. Mingle for a moment with the throng, and you can not easily extricate yourself. You are drawn irresistibly with its slow but unceasing current. Attempt to disentangle yourself, you are grievously jolted and jammed. Provoked to wrath, you plunge violently forward, and are stranded on a cellar door, or wrecked among the cobble-stones. Notwithstanding a sense of injury, you take, perhaps, a cheerful view of things, and endeavor to yield graciously to the inevitable vicissitudes of a Sunday evening ramble in the Bowery.

From shop windows partially illuminated a feeble light is cast around. As the throng passes you see that the German element predominates. The faces are much the same, heavy and stolid. The lethargic spirit of lager beer seems to have settled upon them. You are convinced that the only liveliness they know is that of hops. The dull regular murmur of voices is seldom broken, except when feminine shrillness indicates the crushing of a crinoline, or bewails the fracture of a bonnet. Beyond these there are few tokens of animation.

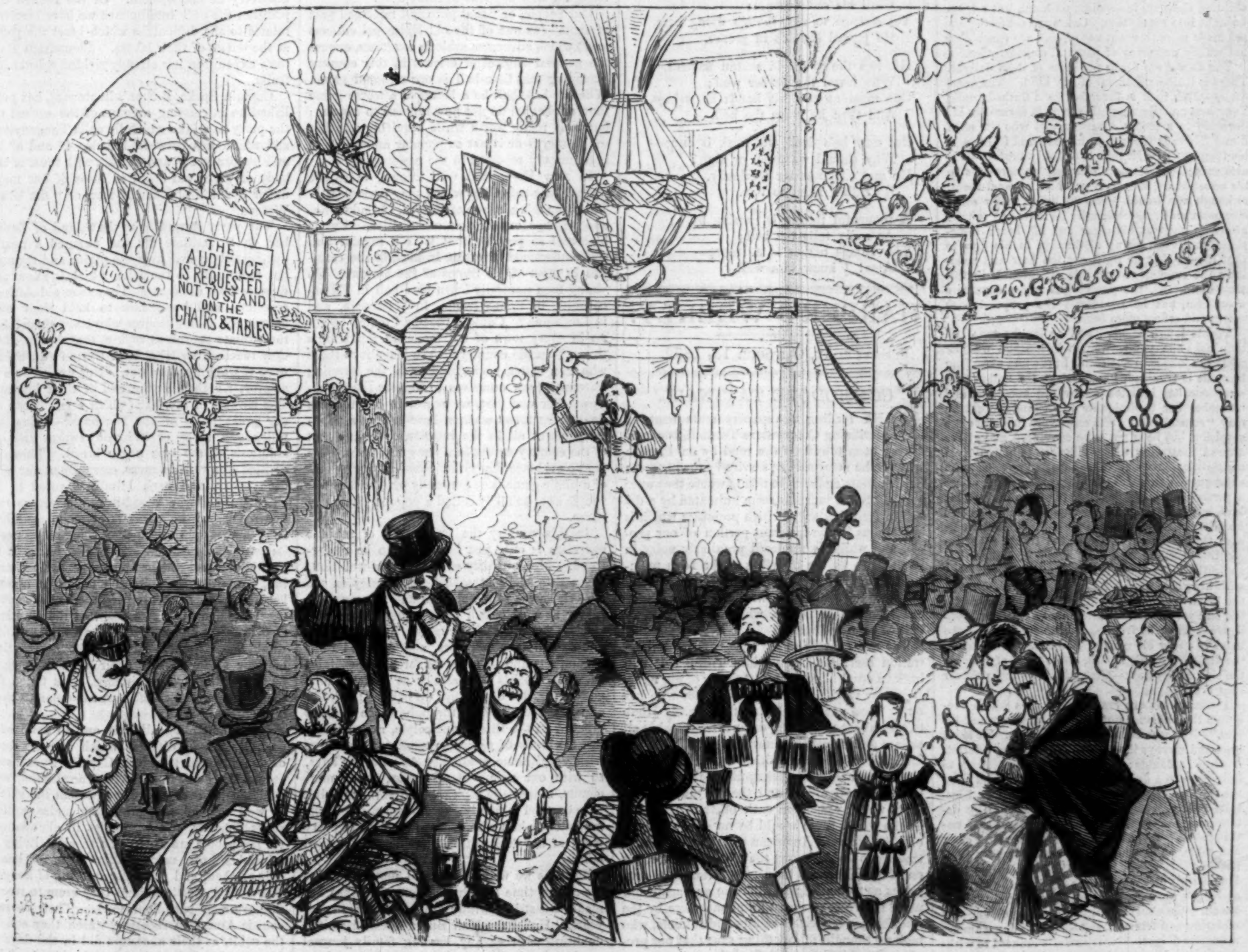
Toward 8 o'clock the flood reaches its height, and begins to drain off into the reservoirs on every side. These are the Beer Gardens—some large, some small, some rich, some rude, but all abundantly provided with the sweet restoring fluid, and with numberless appliances for mental relaxation and the free circulation of current coin.

You join the crowd again, and are straightway borne through a spacious door-way into a well-lighted passage, upon the walls of which you read the odd announcement—"Positively no liquors sold here on Sunday," which strikes you as laying it on with a thickness you would hardly have expected. A little farther on you are admonished that this is the "Volk's Garten," and that you are to pay twelve cents for the double privilege of entrance and an optional glass of beer after you get in. You receive your ticket and proceed.

Why, this is a show, indeed!

It is a large circular hall, the floor dotted with tables and benches, and all thickly filled—the benches with men, women, and children, the tables with various articles intended to afford internal comfort. A gallery, likewise occupied, is above. The seats are generally so arranged as to command fair view of the little stage erected at the rear, upon which a massive fräulein, scantily skirted, is bobbing vigorously to the music of a small orchestra close by. The music, which is good, does not atone for the dancing, which is vaccine. Over the theatre, which is a mere box, is stationed a brazen band, ready melodiously to blow the instant the performance beneath shall terminate. There, it is over; the fraulein squirms a parting salute and retires, while the solemn strains of the Champagne galop echo from above, and cover her retreat.

The "Volk's Garten" has claims to artistic consideration. The walls are decorated with luxurious landscapes, drawn from any number of quarters of the globe. The ceiling is scattered all over with figures of dancing women of every nationality. A rosy Santa Claus, with unbounded stomach, presides jubilantly from the arch of the theatre. There is a dashing balloon suspended by a rope from the centre of the "Garten," which every now and then descends to the ground in all the glory of gold foil and red stripes and waving banners glistening in the gaslight, for no ostensible purpose, after accomplishing which it forthwith rises again. But the artistic taste is more directly cultivated than by displays of gaudy coloring and twisted female forms. There are little doors every where leading off to more distinguished exhibitions. At one of these two small boys in Turkish jackets, and with pasteboard flower-pots on their heads, unlike cherubim continually do cry, "Now gentlemen is your chance to see the most wonderful exhibition in the world—only ten cents; step right in, nothing you ever saw like it," and so forth. You are impelled by curiosity, and seize a programme. Mysterious announcements of "optic plastics" appear. Closer examination shows you that it is, after all, a lottery, to receive the prizes of which each purchaser of a ticket will have a chance. Of course there is no resisting this, and your ten cents are unhesitatingly bestowed. You glance at the exhibition, and find a collection of stereoscopes, prominent among which is the Emperor Napoleon from a German point of view, as large as life and twice as blood-thirsty, and with a particular sharpness to the waxed ends of his mustache. After this you will be very likely to turn your attention elsewhere.


THE AUDIENCE IS REQUESTED NOT TO STAND ON THE CHAIRS & TABLES

A GERMAN BEER GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY ON SUNDAY EVENING.

Against the wall are little stalls erected in convenient spaces. In one stands a courteous gentleman, who offers you dice, and points to a placard which tells you that you may throw for twenty-five cents, and that every throw wins, but fails to entice you, as you have observed that the winnings are apt to be of a cumbersome character, like huge vases, or camp-stools, or deal tables, which you would find difficulty in carrying about with you for any length of time. In another stall, a complicated machine, similar to a roulette table both in purpose and appearance, is operated, no doubt with industry and skill. In another, confectionery is sold; in another, flowers—that is to say, flowers would be, only nobody buys.

Open doors lead to scenes of more active occupation—to the billiard-room, to the bowling-alley, to the shooting-gallery, where two shots for three cents are permitted, with guns from which the bullets are propelled by strong springs instead of powder, and to the oyster-room, whither corpulent Herren repair, after much absorption of beer, to try testaceous experiments to the extent of two or three dozen. You fancy you see a sort of humorous twinkle in the eyes of those who eat, as if touched with mirth at the idea of introducing the unsuspecting bivalves to a fluid so different from that in which they have been reared, and you picture in your mind the probable astonishment of the oysters themselves upon their immersion in the bubbling beer.

But the crowd swells, individually and collectively, so that your progress is impeded. You ooze out from it, and by a lucky chance catch a vacant seat just left by a stout citizen, who, distended by many draughts, seeks to restore his faculties by locomotion. Beside you, now, sits a placid mother, quaffing the produce of the brewery, while an infant in her arms essays natural nourishment from a less artificial source. Other children rest their tired little heads upon her shoulder and that of the father. They have been well pleased all along, but by nine o'clock their capacity is exhausted. Opposite are some rugged fellows, who, after intense and prolonged study of the wine placards on the walls, call for their favorite schoppins, and give the whole of their minds to them.

All around are men and women, variously attired and variously enjoying themselves. The supply of beer is prodigious. This beverage seems to best satisfy the popular demand. Eccentric tastes there are, however, that seek a wider range of gratification. Here and there tall cylindrical vessels, containing a kind of white beer, to the amount of more than a quart, tower above the ordinary glasses like steeples above the city house-tops. You get a notion that anxious mothers hold their children closer when these draw near, inspired by a natural fear that the innocents may fall in and get drowned, and be thus unhappily brought to an untimely bier. Then there are schoppins of sparkling wine, which claim affectionate attention from a respectable minority. For the children there are ice-creams on hand, but seldom brought into requisition. Cakes and confectionery are made more frequent use of, and are considered not wholly unworthy of parental consideration.

You do not see much evidence of deep delight. There is little excitement of any kind. The nearest approach to it is furnished by a flushed young Teuton at an adjoining table, who is earnest in his devotion to a pretty American girl who sits next him. There is vacancy in his face and fullness in his tongue. His English is not only broken—it is also mixed. He utters eloquent endearments to his sweet-heart, who does not like to repel them, although she would prefer to listen under other circumstances. Occasionally he leaves off to take alternate pulls at his cigar and his beer; sometimes, moreover, losing distinction in his joys to that degree that he puffs out the beer and swallows the smoke. When his attention is in this way distracted, the young girl urges departure upon him, but he repudiates the proposal with scorn, and orders more beer.

People laugh at him, and he laughs too; and then asks the young woman in a stage whisper what the joke is. She seems hurt; and observing that she is troubled, he conceives the notion that some one has inflicted annoyance upon her, and beseeches her to designate the offender, that he may "smash" him. She endeavors to remove the suspicion, but he is not to be convinced, and glares around, muttering vague allusions to his physical capabilities. By way of manifesting unconcern he subsequently turns his thoughts to the stage, where a portly man is singing bassly of the lady of his love, and asks the young woman which of the two vocalists she prefers. On second examination he says three. When the massive fräulein before-mentioned glides into view again, he follows her sprightly movements not only with his eyes but with his whole head. At the next performance of the band, too, he nods out of time, and makes futile and very ludicrous attempts to whistle an obligato. Then he frowns, as if to signify that the band is going all wrong; and lifting his beer in the direction of his mouth, pours some of it down the side of his neck—after which he looks fiercer than ever.

Presently his eye rests upon a sign which "requests the audience not to stand on chairs and tables." He becomes intent. He ponders. He leans back and surveys the sign with increasing interest. A while he doubts; but pretty soon he appears to have come to a decision. He drops his hand upon the table and says, "Why not?" Then he illustrates the perverseness of human nature by determining to defy that sign. He declares that nothing shall prevent him from mounting both chair and table. The young girl's remonstrances avail nothing. He rises, by slow degrees, to his feet. He puts his foot many times through the air, and at length succeeds in planting it infirmly on the bench. He chuckles with a proud consciousness of daring and triumph, and then rolls down among a number of legs. Hereupon he is induced to withdraw; and his companion, crying noiselessly, follows him in sorrow, not in anger.

It is past ten o'clock. The band discourses with undiminished energy; the smoke from hundreds of pipes and cigars is spreading; the beer continues its downward flow. Thus eyes, ears, and mouths are filled. The crowd expands each minute. It is a little confusing. You find, by inquiring, that the services are not intended to close before midnight, and you venture to believe that you have had enough. You spend some uncomfortable minutes in making your way out. The knots of people every where obstruct you. In some places the knots are rather tight, but patience and persistence eventually bring you forth. You are in the Bowery again, and again in a resistless tide of humanity you permit yourself to float up town.

On the whole, you are not enamored of the Beer Garden.

THE VILLAGE BARBER.

A mournful throng is passing by,
  As sadly tolls the bell;
The village barber is no more—
  Alas! I knew him well.

His heart was always wondrous light,
  And noble was his soul;
His like we ne'er shall find, though we
  May search from pole to pole.

In him were found those virtues rare
  Which in the Christian blend;
He always dealt upon the square,
  Yet often shaved a friend.

He was no Pharisee in thought,
  With heart 'gainst pity shut;
Those who his humble friendship sought
  From choice he never cut.

No cringing sycophant was he,
  No flatterer, we may hope;
Yet, strange to say, he knew the art
  Of laying on the soap.

He was a true-souled Democrat,
  As every action shows;
Anointed oft the pauper's beard,
  And pulled the nabob's nose.

Of those who mix in politics,
  He pitied the poor souls;
Yet hour by hour, election day,
  He linger'd 'round the polls.

He was a man of peaceful name,
  Though not a whit afraid;
He seldom spoke of blood or fame,
  Yet often drew his blade.

He never left his native town
  Until his sad decease;
Yet strange to say, though dying here,
  He passed his life in grease.

His loss the poor old sexton mourns,
  Who loved the barber well;
One moment now his hands he wrings,
  And then he rings the bell.

But now he's dead, his work is done—
  Why should we weep or sigh?
He met the monster fearlessly,
  He rather liked to dye.

A mournful throng is passing by,
  As sadly tolls the bell;
The village barber is no more—
  Alas! I knew him well.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 15, 1859.

COMMODORE TATTNALL.

MANY leading newspapers seem bent on sacrificing Commodore Tattnall, because, having been towed off the mud by an English steamer, he returned the service by towing some British boats against the tide to where they were going. Some journals seem animated by a desire to feed that anti-British prejudice which is indigenous in the ignorant portion of our people, and which is rendered peculiarly noisy in large cities by the brawling of the Irish population. Others seem to have fallen in love with the Chinese, and represent them as an honest, candid, amiable people, who are being sadly bullied by the British.

We will venture to say that, if the Administration sacrifices Commodore Tattnall, it will inflict a cruel blow on the efficiency of our navy. It is easy work for a New York editor who has never been nearer to China than Sandy Hook to talk about preserving our neutrality; but all sailors and travelers know that, in China, the distinction between British, Americans, and Frenchmen is hardly perceptible—that the Chinese treat all alike—and that if the civilized races were to abandon each other in that part of the world there would be no safety for any of them. Every American merchant and sailor trading to China knows that the British fortress on Hong Kong has been as serviceable to ourselves as to the English. Time and again our people have been saved from massacre by the interference of British sailors and soldiers, who took no thought of any thing save that our people were white men and Christians.

Imbecile and ignorant politicians talk and write of China as though it were France or Spain. The fact is it is another world, and a world radically imbued with hatred of all foreigners. The Chinese make no distinction between citizens of the United States and citizens of Europe. They hate and cheat them all alike. This will be proved by the evidence of every merchant or sailor who has been to China.

For many years we have pursued a policy of conciliation with the Chinese while the English have bullied them. The consequence is that the English go where they please, and that we follow them wherever their guns protect us. It is under cover of the British guns that our trade is carried on at Canton and at Foo-Choo. It is the presence of British frigates which protects our ships at Shanghai. It was behind British guns that Mr. Reed ascended the Pei-ho to conclude the treaty of 1858. When those guns were withdrawn he had to fly. The only result of our policy with China has been that the Chinese give us fair words, and despise us, while to the British method they yield not only what the English want, but to us also the crumbs which fall from their table.

Commodore Tattnall—one of the most gallant and popular officers of our navy—has only done what every American officer with any experience in China would have done in the like case. There need be no fear of the position of the United States in China being compromised by what he has done. That position was one of contempt—nothing more. If Mr. Buchanan allows himself to be bullied into censuring him, he will cast a blight on the independence of our naval officers, and will inflict an irreparable injury on American merchants in China.

THE CRICKET MANIA.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to illustrating the game of cricket, and especially the match played on 3d, 4th, and 5th inst. between the "Eleven of All England" and the "United States Twenty-two." Properly speaking, it was no match at all. No one expected the Twenty-two—who are modest amateurs—to make any sort of fight against the trained professionals of England. And it is well that people should know that the latter came here expressly to play with our amateurs, and at the cost of our clubs. Another curious fact about the "United States Twenty-two" is, that, with the exception of four gentlemen, all are Englishmen, and have no better claim to represent the United States than any casual foreigner who happens to come here.

Our people, or "that pure and reformed part of them" (as one of the old Episcopal collects says) which advocates athletic exercises, excuse the general neglect of cricket in this country by saying that base-ball is our national game. Whether base-ball be a better or a worse game than cricket we do not now propose to inquire; but it is really worth while inquiring whether the former is or is not as popular among us as is commonly reported in the newspapers.

In New York, it is well known, there are several base-ball clubs which play periodically. The same thing is true of Boston, Philadelphia, and perhaps one or two other cities. But is base-ball so popular that it is a regular and well-understood diversion in most of the counties in most of the States of the Union? Do young men naturally learn base-ball in Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, in Wisconsin, and in Louisiana? Could a base-ball match be got up in every town of ten thousand inhabitants throughout the country? We leave it to those who are better acquainted with the sporting fraternity than ourselves to answer these queries. For our part, we regret to say that we doubt very much whether base-ball be a popular game at all in the interior, or in any part of the country except in a few great cities. We see no evidence that either base-ball or any other athletic game is so generally practiced by our people as to be fairly called a popular American game.

In this country the importance of athletic exercises is only just beginning to be understood. Men of thirty can remember well that, when they were at school, proficiency in the athletic games of the play-ground was regarded rather as a drawback than a merit. Schoolmasters sneered at fast runners, and bold leapers, and alert ball-players, and reserved their encomiums and their favors for little prodigies who had aorists and alcaics at their fingers' ends. To this day many, we believe the bulk, of the school-teachers throughout the country proceed on the Blimber principle, and discourage all kinds of games as tending to interfere with "legitimate studies." As with our boys, so with our men. Bank clerks, young merchants, mercantile aspirants, all seem to think time devoted to manly exercise wasted, and the model clerk him who drudges six days of every week at his desk without an hour of physical labor.

Still, as we write, the world moves, and we are all the time learning. Common sense has made vast strides within the past ten or twenty years. Under the Van Buren Presidency it is doubtful whether any leading family journal would have dared to intimate that it is perhaps as important for boys to learn base-ball as prosody or conic sections. Another twenty years, and no doubt our people will be as devoted to athletic exercises as the English. The results on the American frame will surprise physiologists.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Lieutenant Ives, of the United States Army, who has been detailed on special duty to see to the completion of the Washington Monument, is prosecuting that work with intelligence and vigor. We alluded some time since to his appeal to Postmasters; he desires every Postmaster throughout the United States to keep a box in his office in which persons disposed to aid the work may deposit what sums they please. His calculation is, that if each office throughout the country will collect only fifteen cents a month, the work will be finished as fast as the workmen can proceed. We think the least that Postmasters can do is to comply with the request.

We may add, as many persons have been disgusted with the plans they have seen of the proposed structure, that the Pantheon part of it, or the colonnade round the base, has been abandoned, and that the design now is simply to erect an obelisk, 600 feet high. To such a monument no sound objection could be made.

THE LAST AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

The opprobrium of geographers is being gradually removed; the triangulation of Africa proceeds apace. Within the past ten years Livingstone has surveyed and laid down Lake Ngami on our maps, and has traversed the continent from the Zambesi to Loando; Barth has journeyed in safety from Tripoli to Lake Tsad; the British expedition have proved that the Niger may be safely ascended in steam vessels; Burton has explored the Somali country, and laid bare that refuge of robbers and assassins. This much has been done since 1850, with but little aid from any Government. On the safe return of these travelers to their homes the Governments of France and Great Britain were induced to encourage further prosecution of the work; two expeditions were fitted out—one a French one, which was directed to ascend the Nile and discover its sources, if possible; the other English, which was placed under the command of the intrepid Lieutenant Burton, and directed to work out the vein of discovery he had opened. Of the French expedition the only intelligence we have received relates to the difficulties which beset the party at the outset of their labors. Lieutenant Burton's expedition has already yielded substantial fruits.

Captain Speke, Burton's lieutenant, has published an interesting account of the arrival of the party at a lake which he calls Tanganyika, and which lies between latitude 4° and 8° S. and longitude 29° and 30° E., with most of the body of water put down in most of our maps under the title of Lake Nyassi, or "the Great Waters."

The party started from the island of Zanzibar, in S. latitude 6°, and pursued a nearly due-easterly course over the plains and through the mountains to the lake, which is about ten degrees from the coast. They were old African travelers, and knew how to hold their own among the native thieves who beset them; but the climate proved so trying, that, by the time they reached the lake, both Burton and Speke were thoroughly worn out. Nor was there any comfort for them at the end of their journey. The borders of the lake (which reminds one of our great lakes of the Northwest—being 300 miles long, by 30 or 40 broad) swarm with inhabitants of the true negro breed. They are divided into various races, eternally at war with each other, and each blindly devoted to its chief, invariably a blood-thirsty, covetous ruffian. One of the tribes is given to cannibalism; and people who dislike being eaten avoid its territory. Burton and Speke, being in ill health, deemed themselves unwholesome eating, and therefore gave the cannibals a wide berth; but the more civilized races of the country treated them so scurvily, that the additional discomfort of being served up for breakfast would have seemed but a slight aggravation of their misfortunes. Their locomotion, their food, and their very existence, were taxed for the benefit of the chief in whose domains they happened to be.

Notwithstanding all this, and in spite of a complication of diseases which attacked both of the intrepid travelers, Captain Speke succeeded in surveying Lake Tanganyika, and studying its borders. He describes the shores as well wooded, and producing maize, millet, sweet potatoes, and vegetables in abundance; yet the people are the veriest savages, living in miserable huts, using hollow trees for boats, going naked, and generally starving of hunger. The only domestic animal they seem to rear is the common barn-door fowl. Their current coin is American sheeting, which they sell by the cubit, as their ancestors did in the days of Moses. Their food is fish, taken in the lake, monkeys, and what little farm produce they have industry to raise. The only excitement they ever feel is due to the periodical forays which the sea-coast Arabs make in search of slaves. Their women have less maternal affection than many beasts of the field; all will sell their sons or daughters for the merest trifle. All have heard of the white man, whom they significantly call the "wise man," and all combine to cheat him as thoroughly as they can. But few Arabs have penetrated to the Tanganyika.

Some may not realize the practical benefit which is to arise from these explorations. At the very least, however, they are valuable contributions to geographical science. And as the country round the great lake is rich and fertile, there is no saying what it may be taught to produce when the people learn the advantage of regular intercourse with white men. Africa may not realize Dr. Livingstone's vision, and supersede the Southern States in the production of cotton; but it is quite likely that Burton and Speke's travels will stimulate an increased yield of African coffee.

☞ The portrait of Don Juan Rafael Mora, ex-President of Costa Rica, on page 668, is from a photograph by Brady. We may mention at the same time that Brady's Gallery has been moved to the corner of Broadway and Bleecker Street.

THE LOUNGER.

HONESTY AND POLICY.

Hogarth has told in the pictures we all remember the story of the industrious and idle apprentice. He has shown how idleness leads to dishonesty, and deceit to crime—how industry promotes intelligence, and intelligence insures honor, until we are brought to the last scene of all—idleness going in poverty to Tyburn, and industry in fine clothes sitting upon a civic throne. Honesty is the best policy, says the homely moralist, as he closes the book. Honesty conducts to prosperity and success. Dishonesty goes to the gallows. Honesty goes to Parliament—why not a peerage? Therefore let all little boys be good little boys, and honest little boys, and they will become rich and great men—for honesty is the best policy.

—Suppose it were not? says some bad little boy.

What would Hogarth and the Hogarthian moralists have to say?

The difficulty with the proverb is that it is not always true; and if it were always true, the argument comes to nothing. Not every man, for instance, who goes to Congress, who gets to be an alderman, or who amasses a great fortune, does so because he is an honest or industrious man; and even if every boy could be sure that honesty would have that result, in what sense is his honesty honest? Because, suppose honesty were not the best policy—then what? Why, then, as he was honest that he might be rich, he will now be dishonest, and for precisely the same reason—that is to say, because Dishonesty is the best policy.

At the school in "Jane Eyre" the children who wanted to be little angels and sing psalms received two dough-nuts for their early piety; but those who did not wish to be angels got only one dough-nut. The result was a pronounced angelic tendency on the part of the whole school. The argument is still the same: If you pay a man more for being good than for being bad, the fact of his being good does not prove that he prefers to be good, but that he wants to be better paid.

This is the sense in which the proverb is generally urged. There is another, of course.

If, as F. G. C., "a foreigner," says, the best policy be that which most certainly procures true happiness, then there can be no doubt that honesty is that policy. But the word policy is generally used as opposed to principle. The very force of the argument is, not that it is the best thing in itself, but will procure the most palpable profit. It was so understood and illustrated by Hogarth. It is so preached and commended to the young now. Let us hope, F. G. C., that the wiser of them see that they are to be honest *anyhow*, policy or impolicy.

THE PUFF.

A correspondent whose signature, "Very Green," is certainly a mask of modesty, asks whether the notices of new publications he reads in the newspapers are written because the writer thinks what he says or because he gets the books for nothing; "that is to say, when I read that a lady or a gentleman has written a work which elevates him or her to the highest literary rank, am I to believe it because it is editorial any more than I believe that it is 'the greatest book of the day' because the publisher says so in his advertisement?"

Yes, you generally are to believe it, if you see it in a journal of position and character. Few books are noticed now in such papers without being read, and the notices are usually truthful. That is, they say the kindest things they can without calling a bad book a good one. A reader must have some practice, however, before he can accurately understand what is said. If a work is called "worthy of the well-known ability," etc, or "a timely, pleasant book," or "interesting," you may always understand that "pretty fair" is meant. If the critic has looked over the pages in the course of his ordinary duties, and has not been warmed or caught and impressed, the character of the impression will appear in his notice. If he has read the book from real interest and likes it, there will be the difference in his notice of it from that of a "pretty fair" book that there is in the greeting of friends and the ceremonious salutation of acquaintances.

But you must not be too hard upon the critic. His object is merely to inform you that a certain work has been issued, and to give you a flying opinion, not a deliberate judgment, upon it. He may often feel that what he does not particularly like another reader may; and he, therefore, will not prejudice that other. For even critics are not altogether savage, gentle "Very Green!" There are moments when they are not crushing the buds of literary hope, and trampling out the kindling flame of literary ambition.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—M. A. No! But you can try. Never ask a stranger whether you can do any thing. His immediate reply is, certainly not, if you are in such doubt as to ask.

—A. O. A. The quotation "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is in Sterne's Sentimental Journey. But in a collection of French proverbs published in 1594, it also occurs. "Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tondue." And George Herbert, the Church of England poet (1593—1632), has this line: "To a close shorn sheep God gives wind by measure."

—Jerry. The quotation is from Burke's speech at Bristol upon declining the poll in 1780. "The worthy gentleman, who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, while his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us *what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue.*"

THE RECENT PRIZE FIGHT.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

On Thursday, the 6th of October, the progress of our civilization was bravely illustrated by one of those exhibitions ever dear to degraded hearts, a Prize Fight. An event so hideous and revolting in all its relations is not to be approached without hesitation, yet there is that to be gained by a glance at its actual characteristics which the ordinary narrative reports do not afford. These, mostly aiming to satisfy the coarse tastes of the class who look upon the prize fighter as the loftiest embodiment of noble and dignified heroism, observe altogether from a technical pugilistic point of view, or deal generally with the agreeable æsthetics of brutality. They fail to set forward the truly horrible features of such displays, a tolerably faithful picture of which might perhaps awaken a deeper and more effective indignation against participators therein than now exists. In this belief we undertake to describe, as accurately as may be briefly done, the most recent of these offenses against law and humanity.

The fight was between Edwin Enoch Price, of Boston, and James Kelly, of New York, two young men of splendid physical powers and good personal appearance. It occurred at Point Abino, a secluded spot on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, fifteen miles from the city of Buffalo. The preparations were all conducted with great caution, in consequence of a reasonable apprehension that the authorities, in obedience to a law recently enacted to cover such cases, would take the first opportunity to seize upon all concerned, and to overthrow, if possible, the entire arrangement. But by the care of artful managers every thing proceeded undisturbed, and on the morning of Thursday the appointed ground was covered with the rough and vicious crowd which gathers in regular force on such occasions. Most of the larger Northern cities contributed their share. For a day New York was relieved of much of its overflow of "fancy" feculence.

The Ring was planted in the centre of a sheltered grove, the surrounding trees of which were rapidly made to blossom thickly with anxious gazers. About the ring itself swarmed hundreds of congenial spirits, all eager, some almost frenzied with excitement. It was not a tranquilizing scene. Not a face but was seared with sin, or scarred with the record of some violent crime. Not an eye but glistened with evil impulses, betraying the desperate passions it reflected. Of first-class murderers there were two, each hemmed in by his band of fond admirers proffering adulations. By one of them stood stalwart Morrissey, showing in every attitude and gesture the burly ferocity of his nature. Not far away sat old Lazarus, long ago a fugitive from England, whence he fled after battering his opponent to death in just such a fight as this. His son beside him, trained to his father's vocation, and already in his youth a "champion," watched all that passed with critical frown. Of less glaring lights a multitude flickered around. Sympathetic lamentations were heard for "poor Joe Coburn," who, but for unkind detention at Sing Sing, would have been welcomed here in the arms of his associates, as if, indeed, a stronger infusion of turpitude were needed in that crowd.

Early in the afternoon the entrance of the men of the day into the ring hushes the uproar which had hitherto been without measure. The seconds bustle assiduously about. The combatants, who are strangers to one another, and have never met before, are placed in chairs, that no shadow of untimely fatigue shall come over them, and are wrapped in blankets and coats and furs, lest an intrusive puff of wind should chill their frames. At first sight of one another, however, they quickly advance, and, with cordial smiles, shake fervent hands, each as if wishing the other a pleasant way through the little troubles about to ensue. Price appears anxious and not quite at ease. Kelly, on the contrary, is given to manifestations of confidence, and takes arrogant strides, crying, "I will bet five hundred dollars that I win this fight!" "I will take seven hundred to one that he never knocks me down!" At this the crowd shouts lustily, and Kelly is moved to acknowledge its homage gracefully.

It is now Price's turn. He steps up, and, assuming modesty, waves his hand deprecatingly toward those who cheer him on. He bets a smaller amount, deposits his money, and then the stripping begins.

They are in a small inclosure, twenty-four feet square, around which stout ropes are stretched. The fighters sit in opposite corners, while their seconds, of whom each has two, hastily remove their clothes, and fasten upon their feet gaiters with spiked soles, to help them to a secure foothold. Meanwhile the betting progresses furiously. Morrissey, who rests his hopes on Kelly, offers large odds in his favor. The youngest of the two murderers upon the ground displays heaps of bank-notes, and declares that he, too, burns to prove his trust in Kelly, on whom, indeed, at this time, the great majority of all present appears to place reliance, while few voices are lifted up in Price's cause. The Benecia Boy, like a good-humored giant, laughs at all this, and bandies drolleries with Price, one of whose seconds he is.

At two o'clock it is announced that the men are ready for action. They rise in their places. What superb forms! What majestic strength! From the waist upward they are naked, and their skin shines white and pure as a woman's. They show little flesh, except upon the chest, where it stands out full and symmetrical as the antique statues represent. Their muscular development in every part is prodigious. Bunches upon their arms quiver like great masses of jelly. Their legs are covered with tight-fitting drawers and stockings, which reveal the sinewy force that also lies beneath them. Around their waists their respective colors are fastened—badges of their inhuman creed. Kelly, moreover, is daintily gartered with white ribbon, and at this moment appears superior to Price, who exhibits less abundance of swelling muscle, though really amply enough endowed in this respect. To this condition these men have been brought by months of most rigorous and severe training. To rise, by abstinence from all exciting or luxurious enervations, and by regular courses of prescribed exercises, to the greatest height of physical supremacy has been for months their unceasing effort. And to what end? That one shall fall before the other, bruised, bleeding, maimed, senseless, perhaps murdered, while the conqueror, escaping less injured, receives a few hundred dollars and the adoration of the most abandoned wretches on the face of the earth.

At two o'clock, then, they walk straight to one another, both half-laughing, and seeming merely to beckon playfully with their arms. Kelly clenches his fists tight together, but Price only waves his open hands through the air, never folding his fingers in, except when striking a blow. Now, as they move cautiously, the silence is uninterrupted by a breath. Soon the two men begin to chat and jest. You see that the object of each is to distract the other's attention. But neither will be thus trapped. Kelly then laughs, and rubs his hand over the pit of his stomach, hoping to draw Price's eye to this mysterious operation. This, too, fails. Then Kelly becomes bolder, and, darting forward, directs a blow at Price's left side. In an instant it is stopped, and a return blow falls, with a terrible dull, heavy sound, upon Kelly's face. Faster than you can follow their movements the men twine themselves together, their arms locked around one another, and writhe and struggle desperately. The next thing, Kelly is lifted from his feet and flung headlong to the ground, Price falling upon his breast. The seconds rush in, lift their men in their arms, and retreat with them to their corners. Flesh is torn from Kelly's cheek, and blood runs down his face. During the half-minute of rest that is allowed, his seconds strive to clear away, with sponge and cloth, the red stains which flow from cheek and nose, and drop in great gouts upon his breast. Price is untouched, and needs but little care.

At the call they march forward again, Kelly less prodigal of display, and Price more ready to attack. Blows fall fast upon neck and face. Kelly, as he strikes out, utters short, sharp cries; Price is always silent. With less caution this time they close together, and tug and strain to break each other down. Price again conquers, and Kelly falls beneath him. Again they are removed, and again called forth. The mastery is evidently with Price. You can almost see the swellings burst out as his hand leaves Kelly's face after one of his fierce blows. Very soon Kelly is incapable of controlling his sufferings; he preserves a show of courage, but his lip quivers and his limbs work unsteadily. In every round he is knocked down or thrown about. He comes from his corner to open the sixth—a frightful spectacle. Parts of his cheeks are torn in shreds, one eye is quite closed, and the brow distorted from its natural shape. The raw flesh protrudes above and below from the lids, and purple and black blood oozes from the sides, mingling hideously with the discoloration which the skin has assumed. Like a sledge-hammer Price's fist drops upon this mass of gore, and Kelly is again prostrate. In the next round he is overthrown in less then five seconds. He staggers forward, only to fall again and again. In the midst of it all he chuckles and smiles, with horrible defiant levity. It is the pugilistic instinct of pluck, for he surely can feel no merriment now. The end must be near. In the intervals between the rounds his seconds swathe him in blankets, moisten his lips with lemons, and exhaust all their restorative resources—but unavailingly. He is now so enfeebled that his antagonist clutches him around the throat and, unresisted, drags him a little distance over the ground, and then falls a dead weight upon him. Once more, and only once, Kelly reels up; and while standing half erect spits blood, and presses his hand to his side, sorely distressed. His rib is broken, and yields readily to the touch. There Price aims his blow; and as Kelly receives it, it seems to enter his very heart. The contest is over. A hat is tossed aloft in token of submission, and an infernal chorus of exultation salutes the victor.

He marches composedly away, with no trace of injury upon him, to the little cottage where he has been quartered. He is asked whether he is wearied, and laughs hoarsely in derision. He proclaims his readiness to fight, at the moment and on the spot, a certain man against whom he bears a grudge. Receiving no response, he passes on in triumph.

His victim is carried as tenderly as the case admits to *his* cottage. He groans piteously. Blood and cries of anguish issue together from his mouth. Physicians are summoned. They discover the fractured rib, and apply such remedies as are within their reach. The wounded man gives ceaseless utterance to his agony. His friends, sensitive souls when ridicule threatens, are shocked at his want of firmness. "Stop, Kelly, stop!" says one, "they'll be laughing at you, man." "My God! what can I do," cries the sufferer. "Die, man, die, if you must," says another, "but give over this hellish howling." And thus the crushed and broken-hearted man is comforted.

Of the scenes of riotous revelry that follow, of the transfer of the thousands of dollars that takes place, of the weak and futile attempts of the Buffalo police to apprehend the participators, of the stampede in midnight trains, there is no need to speak in detail. 'Tis not too difficult to imagine all.

This was a prize-fight. Do you find it brutal, barbarous, cruel, a disgrace to human nature, and a scandal to our nation's name? It is well to know, then, that, compared with the average of prize fights, this was a simple, weak, and trifling jest. The fraternity of "sportsmen" speak of it only with contempt. They do not care to conceal their disgust at its tameness. Why, here was one man who came out of the contest unharmed. For shame, Price, to disappoint the lively expectations of your audience. The affair of Heenan and Morrissey, though lasting only twenty-one minutes, while this was nearly twice as long, was richer a hundred times in all that stirs the soul with horror. One compensation is, that there was no rib broken then, as here, and over that consideration the "fancy" gloat with grim delight.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

We give on the following page, from an ambrotype by Brady, the famous English cricketers, who have been playing in this city and in Canada. They are, as their portraits show, fine-looking young men, few of them over thirty. Cricket is their profession. From February to September they play matches in any part of England where they are engaged; their usual charge is $25 per man for each match. It is very common for a British nobleman to have a party of professional cricketers to his estate when he is residing on it; and rumor states that, on these occasions, the cricketers have a good time, and enjoy mightily the good fare and fine shooting over their host's preserves. To excel at cricket is always an object of ambition to young Englishmen; they are, as may be imagined, very glad to have an opportunity of playing with the crack men of England.

The English visitors now among us belong to two clubs, each of which consists of twenty-two players. The Captain of one of these clubs is Mr. Parr, and of the other Mr. Wisden; both, of course, first-rate players. Some idea of the admirable manner in which these gentlemen play can be formed from the fact that one of them—Mr. Diver, we believe—made on one occasion 64 runs of 22 yards each in an hour, besides the time occupied by batting, by-balls, etc., etc.

We subjoin the following biographical memoranda of the players whose portraits we give, from the English "Guide to Cricketers:"

Caffyn, William, born at Reigate, February 2, 1828. This excellent player has now taken the prominent position of one of the best bowlers in England, as well as a batsman and fieldsman. Much more, therefore, need scarcely be said of him. He is one of the United Eleven. His pace is a trifle more than medium, and is continually on the spot. He also uses his head effectively for the purpose of deceiving his opponent, which appears to be a great failing in bowlers generally.

Lockyer, Thomas, born at Old Town, Croydon, November 1, 1828. We can not, nor do we wish, to alter our opinion, since the last edition, that this player is the best wicket-keeper England or any other country can boast of. In this particular position he is a wonder. As a bat, he frequently will pull a match completely out of the fire, and will often, too, be compelled to take off his gloves for a few overs, in which he is generally successful. What else he may be required to do one can scarcely venture to say, but whenever called upon to perform he is generally "there," and seldom fails. He is a terrific hitter, and has the excellent quality, so indispensable to a cricketer, of being remarkably good-tempered, whether "collared" or not.

Cæsar, Julius, born at Godalming, March 25, 1830. A very dangerous bat, and will punish loose bowling severely.

Stephenson, Heathfield Harman, born at Esher, May 3, 1833. A splendid bat, being a severe punisher, as well as a good defense. One of the best bowlers in England, being very difficult to contend against, in consequence of the "break-back" caused by his peculiar delivery. His qualities as a wicket-keeper, too, are equal to the second best in England, and have been often proved very useful in that department.

Wisden, John, born at Brighton, September 5, 1826. First-rate bowler and bat, and therefore one of the best cricketers in England. Splendid slip.

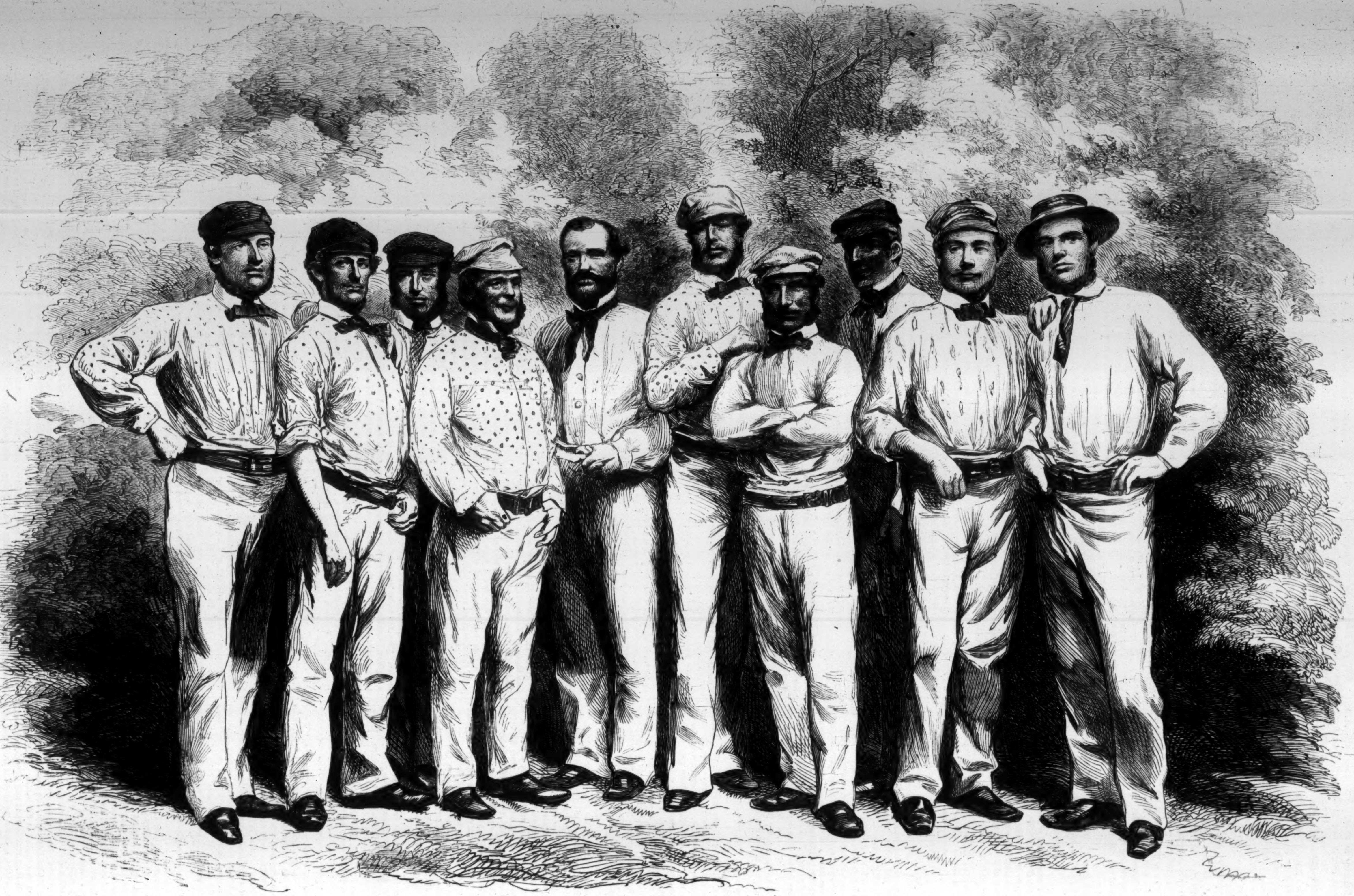
Parr, George, born at Radcliffe-on-Trent, May 22, 1826. Notwithstanding his taking a benefit at Lord's Ground last season, under the patronage of the M. C. C., he is still at the "top of the tree" as a bat. His defense is most masterly, and he hits all round in the most masterly manner. Last season he came out somewhat prominently as a slow bowler. Is Secretary of the All England Eleven.

Grundy, James, born at New Radford, March 5, 1824. A most valuable player in any eleven. Has been generally underrated as a bowler; he ought, perhaps, to be about the first change, unless the side is supplied with more than two of the very first-class bowlers of the day. He is also a very strong defense.

Diver, Alfred, born at Cambridge, July 6, 1824. A first-class bat, having a very strong defense. He is also not to be excelled as a long stop, and is a very good round-arm (fast) and underhand (slow) bowler.

Carpenter, Robert, born November 18, 1831. A first-rate bat—one of the best "colts" that have made an appearance for some years; his defense is masterly, and he will be sure to be at "top of the tree." A good change-bowler, and "chirps" well in the field.

Hayward, Thomas, born at Chatteris, March 21, 1825. Promises to be first-rate as a bat, also a very good bowler and excellent field.



CARPENTER. GRUNDY. J. CÆSAR. WISDEN. G. PARR. H. H. STEPHENSON. DIVER. LOCKYER. CAFFYN. HAYWARD.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS—THE ELEVEN OF ALL ENGLAND.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LX.

REDIVIVUS.

DURING the week before his twenty-first birthday Gabriel Bennet was called into Lawrence Newt's private room.

"Gabriel, you are twenty-one next week."

"I am, Sir."

"You are also an industrious, faithful, and intelligent merchant."

Gabriel bowed. He was a boy still, and he blushed.

"Also honest," said Lawrence Newt, with a smile glimmering in his eyes.

"Honesty is the best policy, Sir," replied Gabriel, with an answering ghost of a smile.

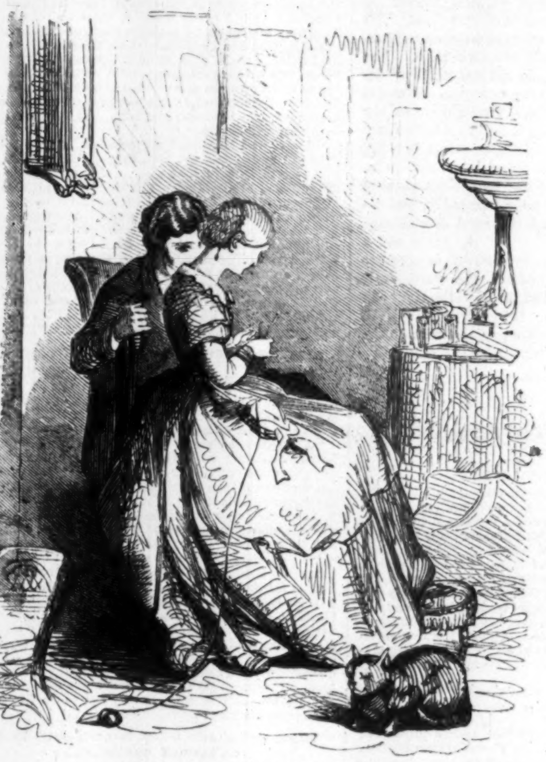
"Not always, Sir; and if it were, what then? A man who is honest because it is the best policy is not an honest man. If dishonesty seemed to him the best policy he would be dishonest."

Gabriel laughed.

"I want you and your sister and your father and mother to dine with me on your birthday. I shall ask Miss Amy Waring and Miss Hope Wayne and Mr. Arthur Merlin."

Gabriel said how glad he should be; and when he went home he announced the invitation. Dining out was an event in the Bennet family, and it was discussed around the evening lamp.

Ellen Bennet, like May Newt, was a child no longer—hardly yet a woman, or only a very young one. Rosy cheeks and clustering hair and blue eyes showed only that it was May—June almost, perhaps—instead of gusty March or gleaming April.



UNDER THE PORTRAIT.

"Ellen," said Gabriel, in a low voice—while his mother, who was busily sewing, conversed in a murmuring undertone with her husband, who sat upon the sofa, slowly swinging his slippered foot—"Ellen, he didn't say that he should ask Edward."

Ellen's cheeks answered—not her lips, nor her eyes, which were bent upon a purse she was netting.

"But I think he will," added Gabriel. "I think I have mistaken Lawrence Newt if he does not."

"He is usually very thoughtful," whispered Ellen, as she netted busily.

"Ellen, how handsome Edward is!" said Gabriel, with enthusiasm.

The young woman said nothing.

"And how good!" added Gabriel.

"He is," she answered, scarcely audibly. Then she said she had left something up stairs. How many things are discovered by young women, under certain circumstances, to have been left up stairs! Ellen rose and left the room.

"I was saying to your father, Gabriel," said his mother, raising her voice, and still sewing, "that Edward comes here a great deal."

"Yes, mother; and I am glad of it. He has very few friends in the city."

"He looks like a Spaniard," said Mr. Bennet, slowly, dwelling upon every word. "How rich that lustrous tropical complexion is! Its duskiness is mysterious. The young man's eyes are like summer moonlight."

Mr. Bennet's own eyes half closed as he spoke, as if he were dreaming of gorgeous summer nights and the murmur of distant music.

Gabriel and his mother were instinctively silent. The click of her needle was the only sound.

"Oh yes, yes—that is—I mean, my dear, he does come here very often. I do go off on such foolish fancies!"

"He comes very often when you are not at home, Gabriel," said Mrs. Bennet, after a kind glance at her husband, and still sewing.

"Yes, mother."

"Then it isn't only to see you?"

"No, mother."

"And often when your father and I return from an evening stroll in the streets we find him here."

"Yes, mother."

"It isn't to see us altogether, then?"

"No, mother."

Mrs. Bennet turned her work, and in so doing glanced for a moment at her son. His eyes were upon her face, but he seemed to have said all he had to say.

"I always feel," said Mr. Bennet, in a tone and with an expression as if he were looking at something very far away, "as if King Arthur must have lived in the tropics. There is that sort of weird, warm atmosphere in the romance. Where is Ellen? Shall we read some more in this little edition of the old story?"

He laid his hand, as he spoke, upon a small copy of old Malory's Romance of Arthur. It was a kind of reading of which he was especially fond, and to which the rest were always willing and glad to listen.

"Call Ellen," said he to Gabriel; "and now then for King Arthur!"

As he spoke the door-bell rang. The next moment a young man, apparently of Gabriel's age, entered the room. His large melancholy black eyes, the massive black curls upon his head, the transparent olive complexion, a natural elegance of form and of movement—all corresponded with what Mr. Bennet had been saying. It was evidently Edward.

"Good-evening, Little Malacca!" cried Gabriel, gayly, as he rose and put out his hand.

"Good-evening, Gabriel!" he answered, in a soft, ringing voice; then bowed and spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Bennet.

"Gabriel doesn't forget old school-days," said the new-comer to Mrs. Bennet.

"No, he has often told us of his friendship with Little Malacca," returned the lady, calmly, as she resumed her work.

"And how little I thought I was to see him when I came to Mr. Newt's store," said the young man.

"Where did you first know Mr. Lawrence Newt?" asked Mrs. Bennet.

"I don't remember when I didn't know him, Madam," replied Edward.

"Happy fellow!" said Gabriel.

Meanwhile Miss Ellen had probably found the mysterious something which she had left up stairs; for she entered the room, and bowed very calmly upon seeing Edward, and seating herself upon the side of the table farthest from him, was presently industriously netting. As for Edward, he had snapped a sentence in the middle as he rose and bowed to her, and could not possibly fit the two ends together when he sat down again, and so lost it.

Gradually as the evening wore on the conversation threatened to divide itself into *tétes-à-tête*; for Gabriel suddenly discovered that he had an article upon Hemp to read in the Encyclopedia which he had recently purchased, and was already profoundly immersed in it, while Mr. and Mrs. Bennet resumed their murmuring talk, and the chair of the youth with the large black eyes, somehow—nobody saw how or when—slipped round until it was upon the same side of the table with that of Ellen, who was busily netting.

Mrs. Bennet was conscious that the chair had gone round, and the swimming eyes of her husband lingered with pleasure upon the mass of black curls bent toward the golden hair which was bent, in turn, over that intricate purse. Ellen was sitting under that portrait of a lady, with the flashing, passionate eyes, who seemed to bear a family likeness to Mrs. Bennet.

The more closely he looked at the handsome youth and the lovely girl the more curious Mr. Bennet's eyes became. He watched the two with such intentness that his wife several times looked up at him surprised when she received no answer to her remarks. Evidently something had impressed Mr. Bennet exceedingly.

His wife bent her head a little nearer to his.

"My dear, did you never see a pair of lovers before?"

He turned his dreaming eyes at that, smiled, and pressed his lips silently to the face which was so near his own that if it had really been there for the express purpose of being caressed it could hardly have been nearer.

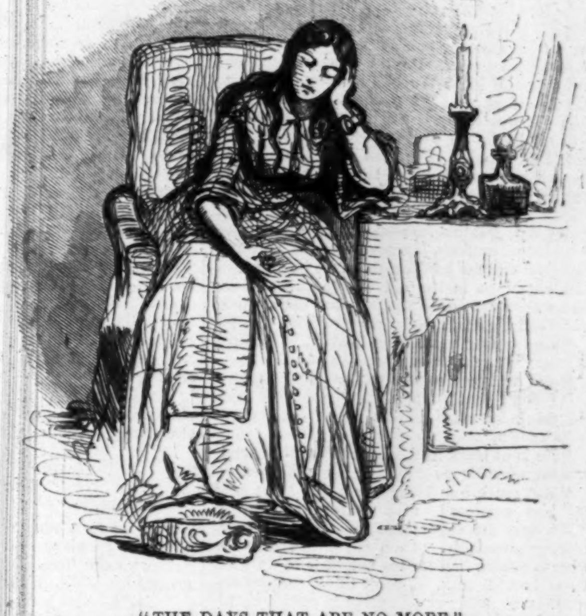
Then slipping his arm around her waist, Mr. Bennet drew his wife toward him and pointed with his head, but so imperceptibly that only she perceived it, toward the young people, as if he saw something more than a pair of lovers. The fond woman's eyes followed her husband's. Gradually they became as intently fixed as his. They seemed to be curiously comparing the face of the young man who sat at their daughter's side with the face of the portrait that hung above her head. Mrs. Bennet grew perceptibly paler as she looked. The unconscious Edward and Ellen murmured softly together. She did not look at him, but she felt the light of his great eyes falling upon her, and she was not unhappy.

"My dear," began Mr. Bennet in a low tone, still studying the face and the portrait.

"Hush!" said his wife, softly, laying her head upon his shoulder; "I see it all, I am sure of it."

Gabriel turned at this moment from his Encyclopedia. He looked intently for some time at the group by the table, as if studying all their thoughts, and then said, gravely, in a loud, clear voice, so that Ellen dropped a stitch, Edward stopped whispering, and Mr. and Mrs. Bennet sat erect,

"Exactly. I knew how it was. It says distinctly, 'This plant is supposed to be a native of India; but it has long been naturalized and extensively cultivated elsewhere, particularly in Russia, where it forms an article of primary importance.'"



"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."

CHAPTER LXI.

DINING WITH LAWRENCE NEWT.

THERE was one other person of whose presence at the dinner Gabriel had no doubt, although Lawrence Newt had not mentioned the name. And if that person were at the table the blue eyes would certainly not be at the upper window in Boniface Newt's house: the blue eyes which Gabriel had, somehow, learned were wont to be there; the blue eyes which were, somehow, always there when the quick springing footsteps came down the street; the blue eyes under whose glances those footsteps lingered, and which glistened with happy light as they looked at the gifts those steps announced.

Sometimes the footsteps stopped at the front door longer than usual: there was a fluttering down the stairs from the upper story—there were a few words, very simple, ordinary words—sometimes even a few flowers were given without the customary message of Mr. Lawrence Newt's compliments to his dear May—a message which was always carefully delivered in full—a few flowers given, in fact, without any message or compliment at all, but which seemed to be received and cherished quite as fondly and sacredly as if they had been accompanied with the most profuse flattery. The interviews were very short. The messenger must return immediately. He had asked leave to come. After a time the bold messenger sometimes asked if he might beg some little memento of the pretty flowers he had brought, were it only a thorn from the poorest rose.

Somehow his modesty was always rewarded, and instead of the thorn he bore away the rose—yes, and if there were twin roses, he got one of them—although he did not know that—and while it lay afterward sweetening the most secret storehouse of his treasures, its fellow was sweetening another treasury into which those blue eyes fondly and often gazed.

There was no knowing. Lawrence Newt with the inscrutable eyes that looked out upon the ships and the river and saw so many things that many people did not suspect, may also have seen a pearl lying in the midst of turbid waters, and may have sent a diver down upon the chance of his finding it.

There were reasons enough why Gabriel Bennet did not care to visit the family of Boniface Newt. He had no very kindly remembrances of Abel. While Fanny was at home she was much older than he; and now that Mr. and Mrs. Newt with Miss May composed the family, he did not call except in the mornings when he brought messages from Lawrence Newt. But sometimes, if he saw Miss Newt and delivered the message in person, there was something said which resulted in a meeting in some pleasant street, and a walk together—and talk—and silence—and thought.

Gabriel Bennet was very sure that May Newt would be at the dinner, and so she was. It was at Delmonico's; and a carriage arrived at the Bennets' just in time to convey them. Another came to Mr. Boniface Newt's, to whom brother Lawrence explained that he had invited his daughter to dinner, and that he should send a young friend, in fact, his confidential clerk, to accompany Miss Newt. Brother Boniface, who looked as if he were the eternally relentless enemy of all young friends, had nevertheless the profoundest confidence in brother Lawrence, and made no objection. And the hero of the day conducted Miss May Newt to the banquet.

The Warings came, and Hope Wayne with them. Arthur Merlin was at the door when they arrived, and handed them out of the carriage. Mrs. Bennet sat at the right of Lawrence Newt, Hope Wayne not far away. Amy Waring was quite at the other end of the table.

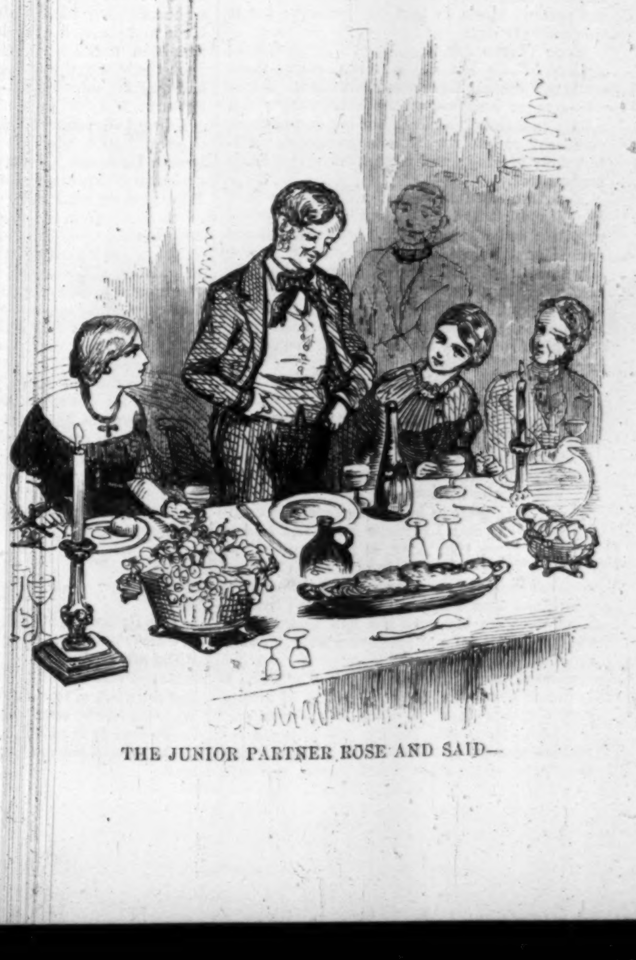
It was a very pleasant dinner. Every body chatted cheerfully.

"But some of us are not so fond of birthdays, Mrs. Bennet," said Lawrence Newt, smiling, to Gabriel's mother.

"I am not afraid of them," she returned, gayly.

"You have no reason, my dear," said her husband, bowing.

The hero of the day was so engaged in conversation with Miss May Newt that he said very little to his neighbor upon the other side, who was no other than Hope Wayne. She had been watching very curiously a young man with black curls and eyes, who seemed to have words only for his neighbor, Miss Ellen Bennet. She presently turned and asked Gabriel if she had never seen him before. "I have, surely, some glim-



THE JUNIOR PARTNER ROSE AND SAID—

mering remembrance of that face," she said, studying it closely.

Her question recalled a day which was strangely remote and unreal in Gabriel's memory. He even half blushed as if Miss Wayne had reminded him of some early treason to a homage which he felt in the very bottom of his heart for his blue-eyed neighbor. But the calm, unsuspicious sweetness of Hope Wayne's face consoled him. He looked at her for a moment without speaking. It was really but a moment, yet, as he looked, he lay in a heavily-testered bed—he heard the beating of the sea upon the shore—he saw the sage Mentor, the ghostly Calypso putting aside the curtain—for a moment he was once more the little school-boy, bruised and ill at Pinewood; but this face—no longer a girl's face—no longer anxious, but sweet, serene, and tender—was this the half-haughty face he had seen and worshiped in the old village church—the face whose eyes of sympathy, but not of love, had filled his heart with such exquisite pain?

"That young man, Miss Wayne, is Edward Wynne," he said, in reply to the question.

It did not seem to resolve her perplexity.

"I don't recall the name," she answered. "I think he must remind me of some one I have known."

"He is as black as Abel Newt," said Gabriel, looking with his clear eyes at Hope Wayne.

"But much handsomer than Mr. Newt now is," she answered, with perfect unconcern. "His eyes are softer; and, in fact," she said, smiling pleasantly, "I am not surprised to see what a willing listener his neighbor is. I wish I could recall him. I don't think that he resembles Mr. Newt at all except in complexion."

Arthur Merlin heard every word, and watched every movement, and marked every expression of Hope Wayne's, at whose other hand he sat, during this little remark. Gabriel said, in reply to it,

"The truth is, Miss Wayne, you have seen him before. The first time you ever saw me he was with me."

The clear eyes of the young man were turned full upon her again.

"Oh yes, I remember now!" she answered. "He was your friend in that terrible battle with Abel Newt. It seems long ago, does it not?"

However far away it may have seemed, it was apparently a remembrance that roused no especial emotion in Miss Hope Wayne's heart. Having satisfied herself, she released the attention of Gabriel, who had other subjects of conversation with May Newt than his quarrel with her brother for the favor of Hope Wayne.

But Hope Wayne, while she listened with her ears to Arthur Merlin, with her eyes listened to Lawrence Newt. His simple, unselfish, and therefore unconscious urbanity—his genial, kindly humor—and the soft, manly earnestness of his face, were not unheeded—how could they be?—by her. Since the day the will was read he had been a faithful friend and counselor. It was he who negotiated for her house. It was he who daily called and gave her a thousand counsels in the details of management, of which every woman who comes into a large property has such constant need. And in all the minor arrangements of business she found in him the same skill and knowledge, combined with a womanly reserve and softness, which had first so strongly attracted her.

Yet his visits as financial counsel, as he called himself, did not destroy, they only heightened, the pleasure of the meetings of the Round Table. For the group of friends still met. They talked poetry still. They talked of many things, and perhaps thought of but a few. The pleasure to all of them was evident enough; but it seemed more perplexed than formerly. It was summer still in their intercourse—the warmth showed that. But the day was not so clear as in the morning. Somehow there was a mist. Very thin, perhaps—a mere film—an almost imperceptible vail; still it was there. It did not portend storm or tempest, perhaps; but it was a cloudy day.

Hope Wayne felt it. Amy Waring felt it. Arthur Merlin felt it. But not one of them could tell whether Lawrence Newt felt it. There was a vague consciousness of something which nearly concerned them all, but not one of them could say precisely what it was—except, possibly, Amy Waring; and except, certainly, Lawrence Newt.

For Aunt Martha's question had drawn from her lips what had lain literally an unformed suspicion in her mind, until it leaped to life and rushed armed from her mouth. Amy Waring saw how beautiful Hope Wayne was. She knew how lovely in character she was. And she was herself beautiful and lovely; so she said in her mind at once, "Why have I never seen this? Why did I not know that he must of course love her?"

Then, if she reminded herself of the conversations she had held with Lawrence Newt about Arthur Merlin and Hope Wayne, she was only perplexed for a moment. She knew that he could not but be honest; and she said quietly in her soul, "He did not know at that time how well worthy his love she was."

Amy Waring sat in her chamber on the evening of the day that Lawrence Newt had said to her, "At least, Miss Amy, at least, we shall be friends." Her long rich brown hair clustered upon her shoulders, and the womanly brown eyes were fixed upon a handful of withered flowers. They were the blossoms she had laid away at various times—gifts of Lawrence Newt, or consecrated by his touch.

She sat musing for a long time. The womanly brown eyes were soft with a look of aching regret rather than of sharp disappointment. Then she rose—still holding the withered remains—and paced thoughtfully up and down the room. The night hours passed, and still she softly paced, or tranquilly seated herself, without the falling of a tear, and only now and then a long deep breath rather than a sigh.

At last she took all the flowers—dry, yellow, lustreless—and opened a sheet of white paper. She laid them in it, and the brown womanly eyes looked at them with yearning fondness. She sat motionless, as if she could not prevail upon herself to fold the paper. But at length she sank gradually to her knees—a sinless Magdalen; her brown hair fell about her bending face, and she said, although her lips did not move, "To each, in his degree, the cup is given. Oh, Father! strengthen each to drain it, and believe!"

She rose quietly and folded the paper, with the loving care and lingering delay with which a mother smooths the shroud that wraps her baby. She tied it with a pure white ribbon, so that it looked not unlike a bridal gift; and pressing her lips to it long and silently, she laid it in the old drawer. There it still remained. The paper was as white, the ribbon was as pure as ever. Only the flowers were withered.

Possibly Amy Waring knew the meaning of the vague constraint that impalpably oppressed the pleasant meetings of the Round Table.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE HEALTH OF THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

"I CALL for a bumper!" said Lawrence Newt, when the fruit was placed upon the table.

The glasses were filled, and the host glanced around his table. He did not rise, but he said:

"Commercial honesty is not impossible, but it is rare. I do not say that merchants are worse than other people; I only say that their temptations are as great, and that an honest man—a man honest every how and every where—is rare. Whatever an honest man does is a benefit to all the rest of us. If he become a lawyer, justice is more secure; if a doctor, quackery is in danger; if a clergyman, the devil trembles; if a shoemaker, we don't wear rotten leather; if a merchant, we get thirty-six inches to the yard. I have been long in business. I have met many honest merchants. I don't deny that 'tis hard for a merchant to be honest in New York. Will you show me the place where 'tis easy? When we are all honest because honesty is the best policy, then we are all ruined, because that is no honesty at all. Why should a man make a million of dollars and lose his manhood? He dies when he has won them, and what are the chances that he can win his manhood again in the next world as easily as he has won the dollars in this? For he can't carry his dollars with him. Any firm, therefore, that gets an honest man into it gets an accession of the most available capital in the world. This little feast is to celebrate the fact that my firm has been so enriched. I invite you to drink the health of Gabriel Bennet, junior partner of the firm of Lawrence Newt & Co.!"

There was a moment of perfect silence. Then every body looked at Gabriel except his mother, whose eyes were so full of tears that she could see nothing. Gabriel himself was entirely surprised. He had had no hint from Lawrence Newt of this good fortune. He had worked faithfully, constantly, and intelligently—honestly, of course—that was all Gabriel knew about his position. He had been for some time confidential clerk, so that he was fully cognizant of the state of the business. And yet, in this moment of delight and astonishment, he had but one feeling, which seemed entirely alien and inadequate to the occasion, for it was merely the hope that now he might be a regular visitor at the house of Boniface Newt.

Hope Wayne's eye had hung upon Lawrence Newt, during the little speech he had made, so intently, that Arthur Merlin's merriment had been entirely checked. He found himself curiously out of spirits. Until that moment, and especially after the little conversation between Hope and Gabriel, in which Abel Newt's name had been mentioned, Arthur had thought it, upon the whole, the pleasantest little dinner he had ever known. He was not of the same opinion now.

Edward Wynne and Ellen Bennet showed entire satisfaction with the dinner, and especially with Lawrence Newt's toast. And when the first hum of applause and pleasure had ceased, Edward cried out lustily,

"A speech from the junior partner! A speech! a speech!"

There was a general call. Gabriel could not help rising, and blushing, and bowing, and stuttering, and sitting down again, amidst tempestuous applause, without the slightest coherent idea of what he had said, except that he was very happy, and very glad, and very sure, and very, etc., etc.

But he did not care a song for what he had said, nor for the applause that greeted it, when he saw certain blue eyes glistening, and a soft shyness upon certain cheeks and lips, as if they had themselves been speaking, and had been saying—what was palpably, undeniably, conspicuously true—that they were very happy, and very glad, and very sure, and very, etc., etc.

Very, indeed!

LITERARY.

THE STUDENT'S HUME, published by Harper & Brothers, in uniform style with "Liddell's Rome," "The Student's Gibbon," and "Smith's Greece," is a most valuable addition not only to the general literature but to the school text-books of the day. With the other-named volumes the American public are already familiar. Some of the advantages of the present volume may be enumerated as follows:

1. It is a very readable and complete history of England, in one small volume, admirably illustrated.
2. It contains all that is necessary to a thorough knowledge of that history from the earliest periods to the present time, including the modern history of the East Indian possessions of England.
3. The portions relating to America have been revised by a distinguished American historian.
4. The style is remarkably attractive, and without changing history into romance. The volume, by its admirable arrangement, gives to history all the charm of story, and thus attracts the young mind from page to page.
5. As a school-book, it is the only thorough and complete history extant, and the only one of which we know which can be recommended to the teacher as certain to engross the mind of the student as he makes use of it.
6. For general readers, it gives in one volume, at the moderate price of $1, what can only be found in a dozen other volumes, at a cost of from $20 to $50.

John Esten Cooke, Esq., is one of the most effective writers of fiction in America. When the "Virginia Comedians" was published anonymously we read it with infinite zest, and we now welcome HENRY ST JOHN, GENTLEMAN, as a similarly attractive volume. The scenes and scenery are in Virginia in the old time. The actors are the frank, hearty, gay, and glorious people of the Old Dominion. The whole story is breezy, full of action, and without too much passion. We do not know of any writer who places his actors on the stage with more life and character.

No book of the season has more justly attracted attention than BEULAH, a novel by Miss Augusta J. Evans, published by Derby & Jackson. It is emphatically a strong book, and we place it at once in the foremost rank of novels by American ladies. Possibly we might without hazard do more, and say that it is the first of that class. The heroine is an orphan girl, adopted from an asylum by a wealthy and somewhat eccentric man. The story is that of her struggle against a life of dependence, and this struggle is as great in her moral nature and with reference to her religion as in her daily life. She is unwilling to be beholden to any man for either food or faith. The result is a life of sorrowful years, much wandering and pain, physical and mental; and the end, what it must be always, the victory of poor humanity, and its confession of weakness and the need of guidance and help. There is too much of the book, and a great deal too much time (for a novel) is given to Beulah's *Germanities* (let us use the word—it is much needed just now); but, as a whole, the book justifies our high estimate. It is particularly good in some scenes, and we may especially refer to the death-bed of Cornelia Graham as an admirable work of art.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

STATE ELECTIONS.

THE State election in California on the 7th ult. resulted in the undoubted choice of Milton S. Latham, the Lecompton Democratic candidate for Governor, by a very large majority, perhaps 20,000. Messrs. Scott and Burchall are probably elected to Congress, although their opponents, Messrs. Baker and M'Kibben, who received the united vote of the Republican and anti-Lecompton parties, have the benefit of a slight doubt in their favor. The anti-Lecompton candidate for State printer, who was also supported by the Republicans, has a slight chance of election. With these possible exceptions the Democratic Lecompton State ticket is elected by an immense majority. Both branches of the Legislature are largely Democratic.

The returns of the Mississippi election show Democratic gains. The Louisiana Vigilance Committee still continue their operations.

The Kansas election on the 4th inst., on the question of the acceptance or rejection of the Wyandot Constitution, passed off quietly. The adoption of the Constitution is generally conceded.

The Georgia election returns thus far are very meagre, but leave no doubt of the re-election of Governor Brown, Democrat, by a heavy majority. In the Seventh and Eighth Congressional Districts the returns indicate the election of the Democratic nominees.

SENATOR BRODERICK KILLED IN A DUEL.

The Hon. David C. Broderick, United States Senator from California, was killed, September 13, in a duel with Judge Terry, of the Supreme Court of California. The difficulty originated in a political quarrel. In June last, in a speech delivered at the Lecompton State Convention at Sacramento, Judge Terry spoke of Mr. Broderick in abusive terms, and Mr. B. retorted with harsh epithets, uttered, not in the presence of Terry, but to his friend, one D. W. Perley. The latter challenged Broderick, who refused to fight, but intimated his willingness to meet Judge Terry at the close of the pending canvass. At the conclusion of the late election Judge Terry sent a challenge to Mr. Broderick, who accepted it. The meeting took place near San Francisco on the morning of the 13th of September, and at the first fire Mr. Broderick fell, his antagonist's ball having pierced his lungs.

ESCAPE OF THE LOST AERONAUTS.

The aeronauts, Messrs. Lamountain and Haddock, at last turned up, after an absence of ten days. They ascended from Watertown, in this State, and after a flight of between four and five hours' duration descended one hundred and fifty miles north of Ottawa, in the great Canada wilderness. Here they traveled about during four days without food or even the means of striking a fire, and were finally rescued by a gentleman who was hunting with Indian guides.

THE ASCENT.

Mr. Haddock has published an account of the trip, from which we quote as follows:

"As we rose into the light fleecy clouds, they looked between us and the earth like patches of snow we see lying upon the landscape in spring time; but when we rose a little higher the clouds completely shut out the earth, and the cold white masses below us had precisely the same look that a mountainous snow-covered country does as you look down upon it from a higher mountain. In six minutes we were far above all the clouds, and the sun and we were face to face. We saw the time after that when his face looked very fair to us. In eight minutes after leaving the earth the thermometer showed a fall of 24 degrees. It stood at 84 when we left. The balloon rotated a good deal, showing that she was ascending with great rapidity. At 5:48 the thermometer stood at 42, and falling very fast. At 5:50 we were at least two miles high; thermometer 34. At this point a suggestion made just before starting by Judge Clark, of Plessis, was found to be a very good one. He had advised the taking along of some cotton, with which to fill the ears when at great heights, and my father had procured me some. The unpleasant ringing sensation had now become painful, and I filled both ears with cotton. This made my head feel a good deal as a very large pumpkin may be supposed to, with a humming bird buzzing upon its surface—a comparison with which doubtless many who read this account will hardly quarrel. At 5:52 we put on our gloves and shawls, an extra pair for Lamountain being found in friend Fayel's overcoat; thermometer 32. The wet sand bags now became stiff with cold—they were frozen. Ascending very rapidly. At 5:54 thermometer 28, and falling. Here we caught our last sight of the earth by daylight. I recognized the St. Lawrence to the southwest of us, which showed we were drifting nearly north. At six o'clock we thought we were descending a little, and Mr. Lamountain directed me to throw out about twenty pounds of ballast. This shot us up again; thermometer 26, and falling very slowly. At 6:05 thermometer 32; my feet were very cold. The Atlantic was now full, and presented a most splendid sight. The gas began to discharge itself at the mouth, and its abominable smell, as it came down upon us, made me sick. Lamountain was suffering a good deal with cold. I passed my thick shawl around his shoulders and put the blanket over our knees and feet. At 6:10 thermometer 18. We drifted along until the sun left us, and in a short time thereafter the balloon began to descend. At 6:30 thermometer 22—rising. Threw over about five pounds of ballast. We must have been, before we began to descend from this height, three and a half miles high. At 6:32 thermometer 23—rising. We were now about stationary, and thought we were sailing north of east. We could, we thought, distinguish water below us, but were unable to recognize it. At 6:38 we threw over a bag of sand—making eighty pounds of ballast discharged—leaving about one hundred and twenty pounds on hand. We distinctly heard a dog bark. Thermometer 28—rising rapidly. 6:45 thermometer 33."

LAMOUNTAIN'S EXPLANATION OF HIS COURSE.

Mr. John Lamountain has also published an account of the trip, in which he says:

"We ascended about three thousand feet, so great was our ascensive momentum, without varying ten feet from a perpendicular line—the broad square, with its thousands who were gazing heavenward to watch our course, remaining still beneath our feet. After attaining this altitude, the balloon struck the northeastern current, and was drifted along with it at about the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and still ascending very rapidly. This current was one of great depth, as, although we went up to the height of three and a half miles, we did not lose it. After reaching an altitude of three miles and a half, we took a still more easterly course. As some journals have argued, judging from the point at which we landed, that the easterly current is not always reliable, I pause here to remark that I never found it more so than that on Thursday afternoon. I thought then, and still continue to think, that had I maintained an altitude of two and a half miles, I could have crossed the ocean in thirty-six hours, and without using any more ballast than in making an ordinary local ascension. It must be remembered that it was when we left this ever-reliable stratum, and descended into the local currents, that we were carried in a northerly course.

"Those who have read my accounts of previous voyages will understand the fact, but as others do not, it is well to remark here, that when above there is no sense of motion or of direction. The clouds in which we were sailing were very dense, and extended for over a mile, within a short distance of the earth. We were drifting with these, as we afterward learned, at the rate of over one hundred miles an hour. To be sure the compass marked the different points, but there were no objects above, around, or below by which we could judge our own direction, and therefore avail ourselves of it. This will explain why I journeyed so long, and so unsuspiciously, instead of descending, as I might have done, immediately after leaving the easterly current."

THEY BEGIN TO WONDER WHERE THEY ARE.

He adds: "As we were passing through the clouds, we heard a roaring as of a great cataract. I supposed at the time it was some one of the St. Lawrence rapids. My impression now is that it was one of the Falls of the Ottawa, a short distance above Bytown.

"After we got clear of the clouds we found, to our astonishment, that we were not more than five hundred feet above the earth, and it was exceedingly dark. This last fact was all the more singular, because when we left the upper regions it was light enough to read fine print. But directly under us, and as far as the eye could reach, was one unbroken, unpeopled wild. We were able to tell that we were over woods, and not water, very readily, because we settled down until so near the tops of the trees that when I threw out a small quantity of sand we could hear it rattling among the leaves and dry branches. It was at this time—about 7¼ o'clock—a perfect calm. Hardly a breath of air was stirring, and the balloon did not sway in any direction. I could have made a landing at this time with perfect ease—but there are always many objections to coming down amidst timber, and I had no disposition to run the risk of damaging my splendid balloon. The result proved that I did not calculate rightly; but human reasoning is very apt to be based upon false premises when moving in the dark."

THEY LAND, AND FIND THEMSELVES IN THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS.

"We made six different attempts to land after this, at intervals ten or fifteen minutes apart—the object being to ascertain whether we had passed the woods as yet or not. On the third descent we came down upon the bosom of a little lake, shut in amidst the almost impenetrable extent of trees around. The car even touched the water, and we had our life-preservers ready for emergencies, but the discharge of a very small quantity of ballast changed the course of the balloon, and it quickly rose again. On the fourth attempt we came down beside a very high tree, and caught hold of its branches for a moment to look around; but there were woods still as far as the eye could reach in the dark; and right before us, a frowning mountain raised its beetling head, until it seemed lost in the clouds. So up we went again, journeying for a few moments very close to the tree tops. On the sixth attempt we came down very near the top of a tall tree, of which Mr. Haddock caught hold. I reached out my hand and felt of it. It was spruce! A very messenger of evil tidings. No spruce grew in the New York wilderness, that I knew, and the hardy tree was a native only of colder climates. We must therefore be over Canada. If this were so, we were above the great wilderness. This I knew was almost unbounded—its only known limit being the Arctic circle. Therefore, if there we were, the sooner we staid where we were the better! With this very simple logic we very soon came to the conclusion—the luckiest one we had reached so far during the trip—to lodge where we were until morning, and after day broke we should be able to see what was what. So I made fast by the concentric hoop to the top of the spruce, and we composed ourselves as well as possible for a night of 'rest'—crawling down in the bottom of the car, and going to sleep.

LOST.

"Daylight came. The rain had ceased, leaving us thoroughly soaked in our porch, but the clouds above drooped very near the earth. We had on board about fifteen pounds of ballast, which we threw out, as well as one blanket, one overcoat, an anchor rope, two or three porter bottles, and other small articles. This was necessary to give us an ascensive power. When we arose, what a view! As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, one unbroken sea of forest limbs; massive trees, shooting their tapering bodies far up toward the clouds, and relieved with very little foliage; the broad, cheerless, and forbidding prospect broken only by a mountain at some distance, and one or two small sheets of water near by. I knew there were no such growths in the United States, save in the northern district of Maine. I remembered that we struck the forest when we first landed in the night; that every time we descended we had found trees beneath us; that we must have been passing along with some rapidity—and that, therefore, we were not only over the great Canada Wilderness, but had journeyed over it perhaps for a hundred miles! I told Mr. Haddock what I believed, and remarked to him, 'My friend, we are over the Canada woods. I have got done traveling with this balloon, and if we get out with our lives we may call ourselves lucky fellows.'

"Discharging gas as rapidly as possible, we came down, the balloon settling between two tall spruces."

THE TRAMP THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

They at once decided to try to walk out of the woods. Mr. Haddock thus describes the beginning of the journey:

"To the southeast we started. After traveling about a mile and a half we came to the bank of a small creek, flowing down from the westward. At this point we were agreeably surprised to find that some human being had been there before us, for we found several small trees cut down, the coals from an old fire, and a half-barrel which had contained pork. I eagerly examined the stamp. It read, 'Mess Pork, P. M., Montreal.' This settled the question that we were in Canada—for I very well knew that no Montreal inspection of pork ever found its way into the interior of New York State. We traveled all day Friday by the unknown creek, which kept its general course to the south of west, crossing it about noon on a floating log, and striking on its southern bank a 'blazed' track, which led us up to a deserted timber-road, lying on the opposite side from a large lumbering shanty. We hoped one of the lumber-roads might take us out to a settlement, but after traveling up them all until they terminated in the wilderness, we concluded to cross the creek to the shanty, and stay in it all night. Lamountain got across safely; but my weight was greater than his, and the raft let me into the stream. I sank in all over, and swam out, though it required all my strength to do so, and on reaching the bank I found myself so chilled as scarcely to be able to stand. I took off my clothes, wrung them, and we proceeded to the shanty, where we found plenty of refuse straw, but it was dry, and under a pile of it we crawled, pulling it over our heads and faces in the hope that our breath might aid in warming our chilled bodies. I think the most revengeful, stony heart would have pitied our condition then."

THEY EAT A FROG EACH.

"During that day," says Lamountain, "we found several lumber roads leading into the woods, all of which we followed to their ends, supposing we might find some men cutting timber. Disappointment again. All the roads terminated in those impenetrable wilds, and there was nothing to indicate human presence.

"In one of these roads, we found two tiny white frogs. They were the first 'food' we had seen in twenty-four hours. Perhaps they were not eaten — probably they were. Not hind-quarters alone; we were not dainty; fore-quarters, head, bones and all. I never tasted a sweeter morsel in my life; and my companion came to the conclusion that Soyer could not have fabricated a more tempting morsel. Yet the unsatisfied, longing cry of our stomachs was, 'Give! give! — more! more!' But no more dainty little frogs—nor even a snake—responded; and we went without. We thought we knew what it was to feel hungry then; we found afterward that we were only taking the first rudiments in our lesson."

THE SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY.

Mr. Haddock continues: "The weary hours of night at last wore away, and we held a new counsel. It was evident, we reasoned, that the creek we were upon was used for 'driving' logs in the spring season. If, then, we followed it to its confluence with the Ottawa or some stream which emptied into the Ottawa, we could in time get out the same way the timber went out. The roof of the shanty was covered with the halves of logs, scooped out in a manner familiar to all woodmen. These were light and dry, and would form an excellent raft. We dragged the logs down to the creek, and Lamountain tied them together, as he was evidently more of a sailor than myself. We got under way, and as we pushed off a crow set up a dismal cawing—an inauspicious sign, and ominous of the great trials and sufferings in store for us. We poled down stream about ten miles, and came abruptly upon an immense pine-tree which had fallen across the stream, completely blocking the passage of the raft. No other alternative was left but to untie the pieces, and attempt to push them through under the log. This was at last done; tied the raft together again, and poled her down stream. To-day we ate each a raw frog, all we could find, and began to feel that we were hungry. But there was no complaining—our talk was of the hopeful future and the civilization we hoped yet to reach. Down the creek we went into a lake some two miles long, and into which we of course supposed the stream passed, having its outlet at the lower end. We followed down the northern bank, keeping always in shallow spots, so that our poles could touch the bottom, until we arrived at the bottom of the lake, where we found no outlet, and turned back upon the southern bank in quest of it. On reaching the head of the lake we found that the current of the creek turned abruptly to the right, which was the reason of our losing it.

"We felt happy to have found it again, and plied our poles like heroes. We passed, during the day, the spot where we had first struck the creek, and where we had made a sightly landmark, which might afterward aid us in finding the Atlantic, should we ever wish to do so in order to get her out. At night we did not stop, but kept the raft going down through the shades of awful forests, whose solemn stillness seemed to hold the unrevealed mystery of our darkening future. About ten o'clock it began to rain again. We stopped the 'vessel' and crawled in under some 'tag' alders on the bank, where our extreme weariness enabled us to get, perhaps, half an hour's sleep."

THE SABBATH EVE AND MORNING.

He adds: "Rising again (for it was easier to pole at night in the rain down an unknown stream than to lie on the ground and freeze), we pressed on for a couple of hours, until about three o'clock, when pure exhaustion induced us to stop again. This time we found a spot where the clayey bank lacked a little of coming down to the water. On the mud we threw our little bundle of straw, and sat down with our feet drawn up under us, so that our bent bodies presented as little surface as possible for the rain to beat upon. But we could not stand such an uncomfortable position long, and as the daylight of the Sabbath broke upon us we were poling down the stream with a drizzling rain."

Lamountain writes: "About seven o'clock we reached a rapid half a mile in length, bottomed with rocks. We abandoned the raft here, but after walking a mile found our salvation depended upon our going back and getting it down the creek. We soon had it apart, and floated it down stick by stick; wading up to our waists on the slippery stones of the rapids, to dislodge the timbers there. Mr. Haddock fell three times in doing this work, at one time breaking the compass, and rendering it completely useless. About 10½ o'clock the raft was below the rapids, together again, and we were poling down the stream. It was Sabbath—but in these woods Sabbath was eternal and unbroken. Might it not presage a never-ending Sabbath for us? However, we dismissed gloominess, and with a prayer of thankfulness to the God who amidst so many hazards had spared us, toiled wearily on."

THE THIRD DAY.

We continue to quote from Lamountain: "At twelve o'clock we entered a large lake. Never more cheerless prospect opened on mortal vision. Perhaps weeks must pass before we would find the outlet. And then—what then? Never mind; on we went, striking to the right, close to the bank, and poling, poling, poling along the numerous bays and indentations. Eye never looked upon more magnificent scenery. Embosomed in a great basin scooped out amidst noble hills; surrounded by beautiful evergreen trees; dotted with little islands, and reflecting in its pellucid bosom the deep blue of the sky—painter could not have had more noble study.

"Night found us not more than one-fourth of the way around the lake, and still no signs of its outlet. We had eaten nothing but high-bush cranberries, acrid and destitute of nutriment—an injury rather than benefit. About seven o'clock the wind commenced blowing, and as we were on the lee-shore, we decided to travel no further that night. So we drew our raft up on the bank, went into the woods and lay down. We had nothing else to do. No supper troubled our digestion. Another awful, shivering, dreary night—and a gray, hazy, comfortless morning. We were dying—starving—perishing by inches. And yet, something whispered to me that we should be saved. It seemed as if I could hear a voice telling me that I must live to cross the ocean with a balloon. And my hopes so encouraged me that I could not help singing a simple refrain, with which sailors cheer themselves in times of storm and dangers:

"'Cheer up your hearts, my men,
Let nothing fright you;
Be of a gallant mind—
Let that delight you.'

"I could hardly muster more than a whisper; but the sentiments were wonderfully encouraging to both myself and my companion.

THEY SEE A FIRE.

"Next day," continues Lamountain, "we started on again; the sunbeams breaking for the first time in two days. Three miles' progress brought us to what appeared to be the outlet of a river opening into a smaller lake. This cheered us. We began to hope we had reached a large stream. But when we reached the end—misery! —there was no outlet—a small creek set *into* the lake. With hope almost gone, we started wearily back toward the large lake we had left. Mr. Haddock here began to look upon our fate as sealed. He was brave as man could be. The thought of death had no terrors for him. But he mourned to think of the desolation of his wife and family. How little we knew what God had in store for us! I cheered my friend as well as I could, and, with great regret, we turned back. We had gone but a mile when we heard the report of a gun—quickly succeeded by another. How the blood bounded in our veins! Hope revived within our breasts. We hallooed as loudly as our feeble strength would allow us, but got no answer, and heard no other reports. We were beginning to despair again, when Mr. Haddock called my attention to smoke curling over the trees near the opposite shore of the lake. His sight had become dim, and he could not surely distinguish it from fog. But mine was better. I knew it came from a fire. And as I looked, oh, joy! there was a canoe hauled up on the bank—though it looked like a log at first.

THE RESCUE.

"We were strong men again. Noiselessly, we paddled across, fearful if the fire was that of an uncivilized Indian he might be frightened away without assisting us. The canoe was turned bottom side up on the bank. Under it was a gun, two coats, and a sack containing a dead duck. Mr. Haddock started to hunt up the owner, and I seized and commenced stripping the duck, intending to eat it uncooked. But that was not necessary. In less than five minutes an Indian boy appeared upon the bank. I addressed him first in English, then in French. He answered in the latter, and asked me to follow him. I did so, hardly able to drag my body along. About twenty rods from the shore, amidst the woods, I entered the shanty from which the smoke had curled. God be praised! There was my companion, conversing with a generous-looking Scotchman; around him a number of athletic timber-cutters; and near by, a table laden with carrots, potatoes, pork, and so forth—all the heart could wish for. The revulsion was almost too much — but Providence was kind. Every body can imagine the rest. At first, food had no more taste to us than chips. We ate sparingly at first, as our stomachs were able to bear, and were more ravenous as we became stronger. A few words will tell the story. The party was under the direction of Mr. Angus Cameron, who was selecting timber for Gilmour & Co., of Ottawa. He was as noble-hearted a man as ever breathed. All the party, whites and Indians, were of like stamp.

THE RETURN HOME.

"We were one hundred and fifty miles from Ottawa and civilization. Those woods we should never have left alive had we not found the party. They only happened there at that time. The woods were destitute of roots, animals, or nutritious vegetation; and in about two days we would have perished from hunger. We remained with our generous preserver two days, then accompanied him to Desert, fifty miles distant—passing the balloon, which had been torn to a perfect wreck on the trees; and as it could not have been removed in less than several weeks, and at great cost, it was again abandoned. From Desert, we were accompanied by Indian guides fifty miles, to a horse conveyance, and by making all haste, traveling night and day, we reached Ottawa at 5¼ o'clock Monday afternoon, decidedly 'used up men,' but wonderfully glad to 'get out of the wilderness.' From Ottawa to Watertown was one scene of excitement and triumph. The public are already apprised of our reception there. And so ends the records of this memorable voyage. To all with whom we came in contact our warmest thanks are due; and of Mr. Haddock, I can only pause to say that a more generous, heroic, self-sacrificing, and resolute man, under every circumstance of trial and danger, I never met. He will always have a warm place in my heart. JOHN LAMOUNTAIN."

GENERAL WALKER AFLOAT AGAIN.

General Walker and his brother filibusters, to the number of several hundred, are again off to Central America. They sailed from Berwick Bay, in the steamer *Philadelphia*, on Monday last. From the published accounts it would appear that the arrangements of the filibusters are very complete and extensive. The Government, however, has taken prompt means to head them off.

ANOTHER BRITISH OUTRAGE.—THE AMERICAN FLAG D—D.

The bark *Hazard*, Captain Goodrich, arrived at Boston on October 4, from Loando, on the west coast of Africa. Captain Goodrich reports that while on the African coast his vessel was fired into by the British steamer *Pluto*, which sent a boat alongside after heaving to. Captain Goodrich declined permitting them to board, and they went away without further trouble, after d—ning the American flag, to which their attention was directed at the peak.

THE CRICKET MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

The cricket match between the All England Eleven and Twenty-two of America closed with the second innings of the Twenty-two. They made 54 runs, which, with the 38 made during their first innings, gave them 92, against 156 made by the All England during their first innings. There has been since another game, in which the Englishmen have played against each other, assisted by five of the Twenty-two on each side.

MORE CIVILIZATION.

The long talked of prize fight between Australian Kelly and Ned Price, two noted pugilists, took place last week, according to prearrangement, at Point Abino, on the Canada side of Lake Erie. Price won the first fall, the first blood, and the battle, and came out of the contest with scarcely a scratch, while Kelly was severely injured, having had two ribs broken in the tenth round. The fight occupied eleven rounds, and was decided in thirty-two minutes. The affair was witnessed by an immense crowd of spectators.

BURIAL BEFORE DEATH.

We read in the New Orleans *Crescent:* "Dan Merritt is sexton of nearly all the Ridge Cemeteries. It is stated, upon good authority, that a few days since Dan was surprised by the arrival of a cheap and unattended funeral. He sent his men to bury the coffin in a grave at the back end of the cemetery. After a short time the men came back to him in a high state of excitement, saying that they could not bury that man, that he was sitting up in his coffin, and swearing he wasn't dead. Dan, in high indignation, seized a spade and went back to the grave himself, where, sure enough, he found his customer sitting up and looking quietly around him.

"'How's this, Sir,' asked Dan, wrathily, 'that you're interfering with my workmen and my business in this sort of a way?'

"'Why, I'm not dead,' said the resuscitated, 'and I don't feel like being buried yet a while!'

"'Not dead!' shouted Dan, jerking the doctor's certificate out of his pocket and reading it; 'not dead! Now here's the doctor's certificate saying you are dead and what you died of, and I'd like to know who knows best, you or the doctor?'

"'I can't help what the doctor says, Mr. Merritt,' said the man in the coffin; 'but I know I ain't dead, and I want you to help me out of this place.'

"'But,' responded Dan, getting more hot than ever, 'the doctor says you're dead, and I say you're dead, and blow me if you ain't dead!' With which he hit him a bat or two over the head with his spade, and buried him with his own hands.

"'The idea,' soliloquized Dan, as he left, 'of the fellow interfering in my business in that sort of a way, and trying to get me into a difficulty with the doctor that sent him out!'"

HOW AN EDITOR DID NOT GET A PASS.

The following story is told by the Syracuse *Journal:*

"The editor of the Buffalo *Evening Post* has been very violent at times in denunciation of the New York Central Railroad; but recently he desired to go East, and he thought it would be very convenient to be 'bribed with a pass.' Expressing his thoughts to a friend, he remarked that if he had not been so violent toward the road he supposed he might get the coveted pass. His friend assured him that if he would apply to Dean Richmond he would be accommodated; and after consideration he concluded to make the attempt. He accordingly called on the Democratic Mogul.

"'Mr. Richmond,' said the editor, 'I am going East, and I have called to see if you can accommodate me with a pass?'

"'Certainly, Sir—certainly, Sir; with the greatest pleasure,' said Mr. Richmond, and he proceeded to fill out the pass.

"The little card was handed to the editor, who, expressing his thanks, glanced over it and saw that it only passed him to Albany, with no provision for his return.

"'Mr. Richmond,' said the editor, very modestly, 'I see this only passes me to Albany. I intend to return—'

"'The h—l you do!' said Richmond, seizing the pass. 'Intend to *return*, eh? Can't have any pass from me, then!' And he tore the pass into pieces."

PERSONAL.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Charles M. Leupp, a leading and wealthy leather merchant of this city, committed suicide while in a state of insanity, by shooting himself through the heart, at his residence in Madison Avenue. He was a man universally esteemed, and his death will be widely lamented.

The Boston *Herald* gives an account of the death of Henry Black, of Newport, Pennsylvania, who undertook to sever the head of a hen, and was attacked by a rooster, which spurred him on the hand into an artery. About two weeks after the accident he was attacked with intense pain, a sickening sensation of the heart, and his sufferings became insupportable. At this date a remarkable occurrence took place. He drew his entire frame together, as though to gain strength for an act, and his voice broke forth like the crowing of a rooster. This was repeated from time to time, and such was the similarity of voices that the outside listeners asserted their belief that it was a rooster. After four days of indescribable suffering he died, and crowed no more.

About two weeks ago Mr. John Elder, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, had an undersack for a bed filled with straw by a negro man. It was brought home and placed under a feather bed, which was slept on by a daughter of Mr. E. The young lady complained on a number of occasions of having her slumbers disturbed by distinct thumps from underneath, but examinations revealed nothing. On Thursday morning, while Miss E. was sitting down stairs, facing the steps which led up to her room, she was startled by a curious noise, and looking up discovered a moccasin snake descending, blowing and hissing in a style peculiar to the reptile. An examination of the up stairs premises was made at once, when a small hole was discovered in the undersacking, and on ripping the bed open the full-length skin of a snake was found at the hole, which his snakeship had shed.

Twenty-five years ago a woman seduced by a farmer in Albany gave birth to a little girl. She afterward went to Columbia County and married a mechanic, while the farmer also wedded and prospered. In course of time the girl came to this city as a servant, and a short time since married a young mason here. The farmer coming to town with produce, was attracted by the girl's appearance, and led to a course of inquiry which resulted in establishing the fact that she was his lost daughter. His wife had never known of his criminal love, and he dared not reveal it to her. For several months he wrapped the secret in his own breast, till at last paternal affection would no longer allow him to remain silent, and he made himself known to his daughter, told his wife all, who wisely forgave him, and consented to receive her as one of the family. The daughter is happy in the possession of a father's love, and will be joint heir of his property.

The New York correspondent of Dwight's *Journal of Music* says that there is a "beautiful girl" in the chorus of our Academy of Music. Here is his description:

"She has ringlets of the most bewitching 'charackther,' and a nose a little tiny bit suggestive of pug, to be sure: but, nevertheless, one of the finest noses of modern times. Her place is on the right-hand side of the stage as you look from the auditorium, and, not being accustomed to the footlights, she stands as straight and stiff as a statue. I think that she has no joints in her limbs, for she never moves her arms, not even to make the customary pump-handle gestures. I think if she goes to Boston with the company, you will recognize her and join with me in my admiration. I threw a bouquet at her the other night, which fell near her feet without attracting the slightest notice from her, and which was picked up by a lady in red and blue muslin, and cork-screw curls, who handed it, with an excruciating smirk, to Cortesi."

A writer, in a communication to the Rochester *Democrat*, denies the impossibility of a person with resolution, determination, and perseverance, breaking himself of opium eating. He is now an old man of seventy, and for four years he has not used the drug in any shape, though before that he had been an opium eater for forty years. When he commenced breaking himself of the habit he was using the opium at the rate of eighty grains per day, and it took him about two years to accomplish his purpose.

The Chicago *Press and Tribune* thinks that Mrs. Le Vert is probably the beautiful and accomplished Southern literary lady who is about to try her fortunes on the stage.

A letter from Berne states that on the 4th of September, Mr. Carpenter of the Bank-note Engraving house of Philadelphia was ascending the Murren, and fell from his horse in one of the precipitous passes, and both dislocated and fractured his shoulder bone. He was found lying on the roadside by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and his party. On being taken back to Interlachen he was visited by the physician of the dowager Empress of Russia, and was made as comfortable as could be hoped. He will probably be confined for four weeks at least.

Mr. Harris, our Consul at Japan, has been presented with a magnificent gold snuff-box by Queen Victoria. The box is described as about six inches in length, four in width, and two in depth, and is of wrought gold, handsomely washed. On the top is the Queen's cipher, surrounded by a wreath of diamonds.

One of the takers of the school census in Cincinnati, in his perambulations through the city recently went into a domicile, where he found a lady, who said she was one hundred and three years old. On being asked whether she had any children about the house, she replied that she had but one boy, who was at work in the other room, and was eighty-one years of age.

THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

We have received the following letter:

DALLAS, NORTH CAROLINA, *Sept.* 27, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I see you publish an extract from a correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* in your last, giving an account of Mr. Henry, an old Revolutionary soldier, who had given to the correspondent a personal incident of the Battle of King's Mountain. From the lips of the same venerable patriot I have some facts relative to the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on 20th May, 1775," which may be of interest to those who are anxious to be fully satisfied as to the truth of that declaration, so honorable to the "Old North State."

Mr. Henry, whom the correspondent rightly reports as now living in Buncombe County, and as a lawyer of eminence, states expressly that he was present in Charlotte on the 19th and 20th of May, when the declaration was made, and vouches his character for its authenticity. Mr. Henry lived at that time with his father, on the Catawba River, in Gaston County, formerly part of old Tryon, about twenty miles west of Charlotte. He states that, the meeting being called at Charlotte, his father concluded to go, and allowed him to accompany him. They traveled in a small wagon, starting on Wednesday, 19th. They did not go all the way on that day, but stopped at a Mr. M'Creary's, near Tuckasaga Ford; and on Thursday, the 20th, proceeded to Charlotte, a distance of twelve miles. When they arrived the people were gathering in from all the surrounding country, and commenced their deliberations in the court-house that evening. He recollects well M'Knitt Alexander and Mr. Polk as active participants in the meeting. The meeting lasted nearly all night; and the resolutions, though passed, were not published until next day (Friday). His father and he were present the next morning, when oaths were administered to the parties present, either as committee-men or as pledges to each other, he does not remember which; and that this incident is vividly impressed on his mind, and the circumstances attending it, by the fact that at this time — being young, about fourteen years old — he knew nothing of a legal or judicial oath; and when the oaths were being administered he listened attentively, but could not understand the import of the ceremony, and went to his father, who was in another part of the room, to inquire what they were doing, and his father replied that they were "swearing;" and he told him "No; for he had listened to them, and they did not say any bad words." His father then explained what the nature of the oath was. Mr. Henry also relates that he remembers well that their tavern bill was paid with sixteen coppers, when they went to leave.

I have all this from a nephew of his, who has just been to see the old veteran, and elicited these details among many others, interesting to every son of the "Old North State." We have no doubt, Messrs. Editors, that "Hawks's History" will put this controversy at rest; but in the mean time let "honor be given to whom honor is due." Very respectfully, D. S——.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" IN TROUBLE.

THIRTY of the crew of the *Great Eastern* have been arrested and tried at Weymouth for mutinous conduct in refusing to wash the decks when ordered. The two ringleaders were sentenced for three weeks' and a month's imprisonment, respectively, at hard labor, and the remainder for a fortnight each. The evidence showed that the ship's crew was far from complete.

The English journals strongly denounce the incomplete and hurried manner in which the ship was sent to sea. A vague rumor has been current that her first voyage would be postponed until next year, and that in the interim she would be exhibited at the principal ports in the kingdom. This, however, is authoritatively contradicted, and she is still advertised to leave Holyhead for Portland on October 20.

DISCOVERY OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S REMAINS.

The screw steamer *Fox*, Captain McClintock, sent by Lady Franklin to the Arctic regions in search of the traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition, has returned to England, having been completely successful. At Point William, on the northwest coast of King William's Island, a record was found, dated April 25, 1848, signed by Captains Crozier and Fitz James. The record says the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned three days previously in the ice, five leagues to the N.N.W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to 105, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died June 11, 1847, and the total deaths to date had been nine officers and fifteen men.

Many deeply interesting relics of the expedition were found on the western shore of King William's Island, and others were obtained from the Esquimaux, who stated that after their abandonment one ship was crushed in the ice, and sunk, and the other forced on shore, where she remained.

The *Fox* was unable to penetrate beyond Bellot Straits, and wintered in Brentford Bay.

Minute and interesting details of the expedition are published.

Several skeletons of Franklin's men, large quantities of clothing, etc., and a duplicate record up to the abandonment of the ships was discovered.

FRANCE.

WHY MARSHAL —— IS DYING.

The Boston *Post* correspondent says: "The dreadful sequel to Marshal ——'s illness—the utter hopelessness of the case—has caused the real truth of the matter to get afloat. It seems certain now that he never fought at all; and the real story, the truth of which I can warrant, is simply this: ——, who has all his life been a great admirer of the ladies, especially of those not troubled with squeamish objections, was walking one day down the Chaussée d'Antin, when Satan, who chooses all kinds of nooks and corners as a refuge from suspicion and observation, in order to pounce upon his victims when least prepared, thus tempted the gallant Marshal ——. From the hem of a crinoline, into which the summer breeze had playfully inserted itself, making all kinds of merry gestures, now inviting, now repulsing, now, as it were, laughing gayly at prejudice and principle, anon frowning sternly at lightness and license, did the crinoline beguile the Marshal all the way down the street, until it reached the house at the corner, when, as if in mockery of pursuit, it turned into the court-yard, and without making any inquiries at the porter's, which clearly showed that this was its dwelling-place, it boldly proceeded to ascend the stairs.

"Up the first did it go, tripping and tempting: the revelation of the neatest boot and finest-drawn stocking gave greater zest still to the chase; up the second did it vanish so quickly that a mere rounded ankle became visible, until at length, just as it reached the third, the Marshal, unable longer to contain his admiration, found it impossible to express it by words alone, and proceeded to the pantomime he had been accustomed to employ in the like case in the streets of Oran and Algiers, but which is not allowed in Paris. The lady contained in the crinoline, already terrified by the chase of which she felt she was the object, shrieked aloud, and called for help, in the most piteous accents. She had just arrived at her own door—the voice was well known on that landing—the door burst open, and a tall, mustached warrior, in dressing-gown and slippers, appeared at the baluster in a moment. It was the lady's husband. Experience had taught him to guess the tale in an instant; without a word, and before the Marshal could stammer out an apology, the husband—flinging the pipe he held in his mouth, hot ashes and all, into the Marshal's face—fell upon him with the whole strength of his Herculean arm, and flung him headlong from the top of the stairs to the bottom, where he lay completely senseless, until he was picked up and conveyed home by the people of the house. This is the real tale. The spine was found to be injured beyond recovery. The story of a fall from his horse was got up to account for the damage to the spine, but the truth is exactly as I have just told you."

SWITZERLAND.

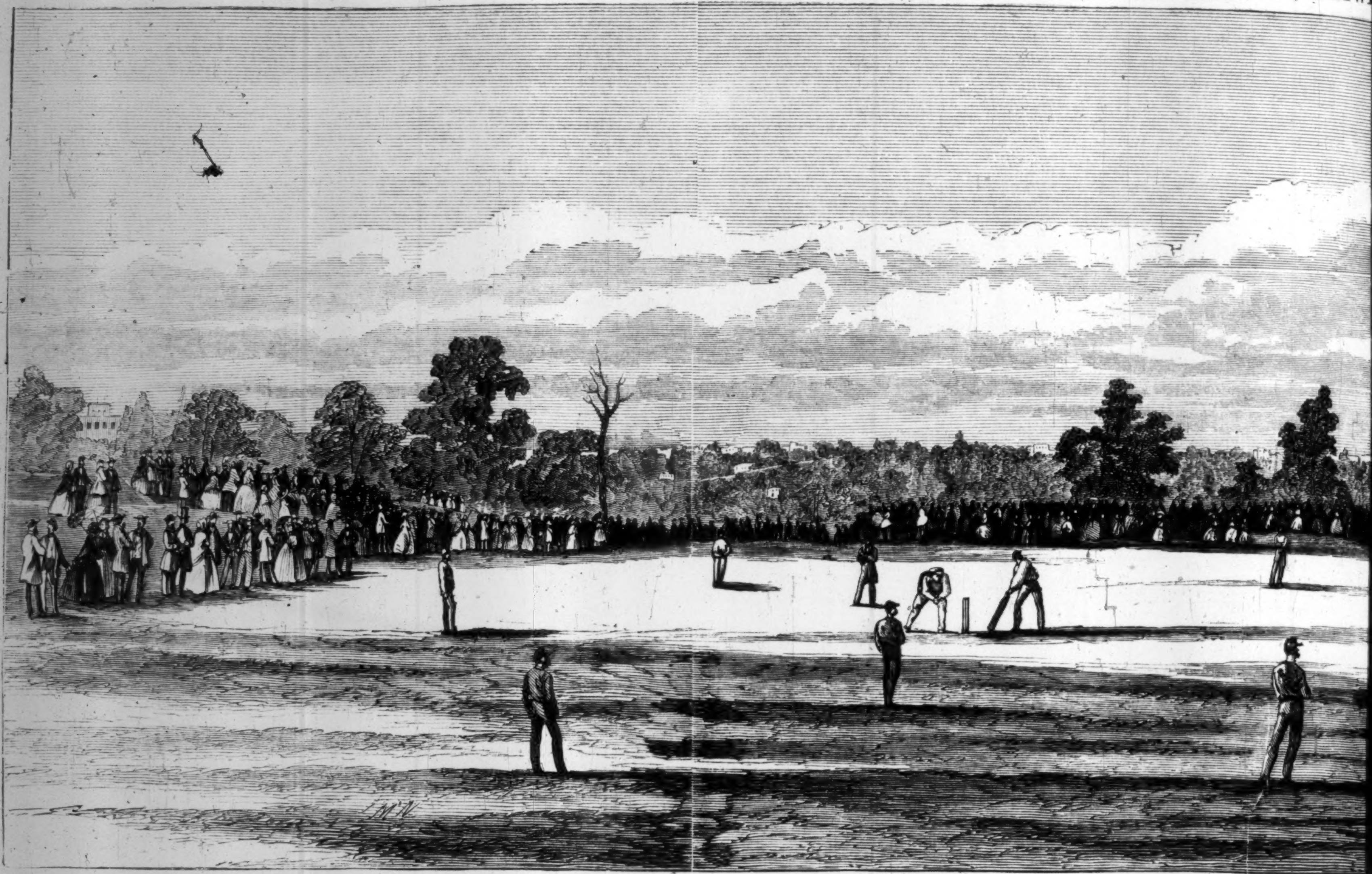
THE ZURICH CONFERENCE.

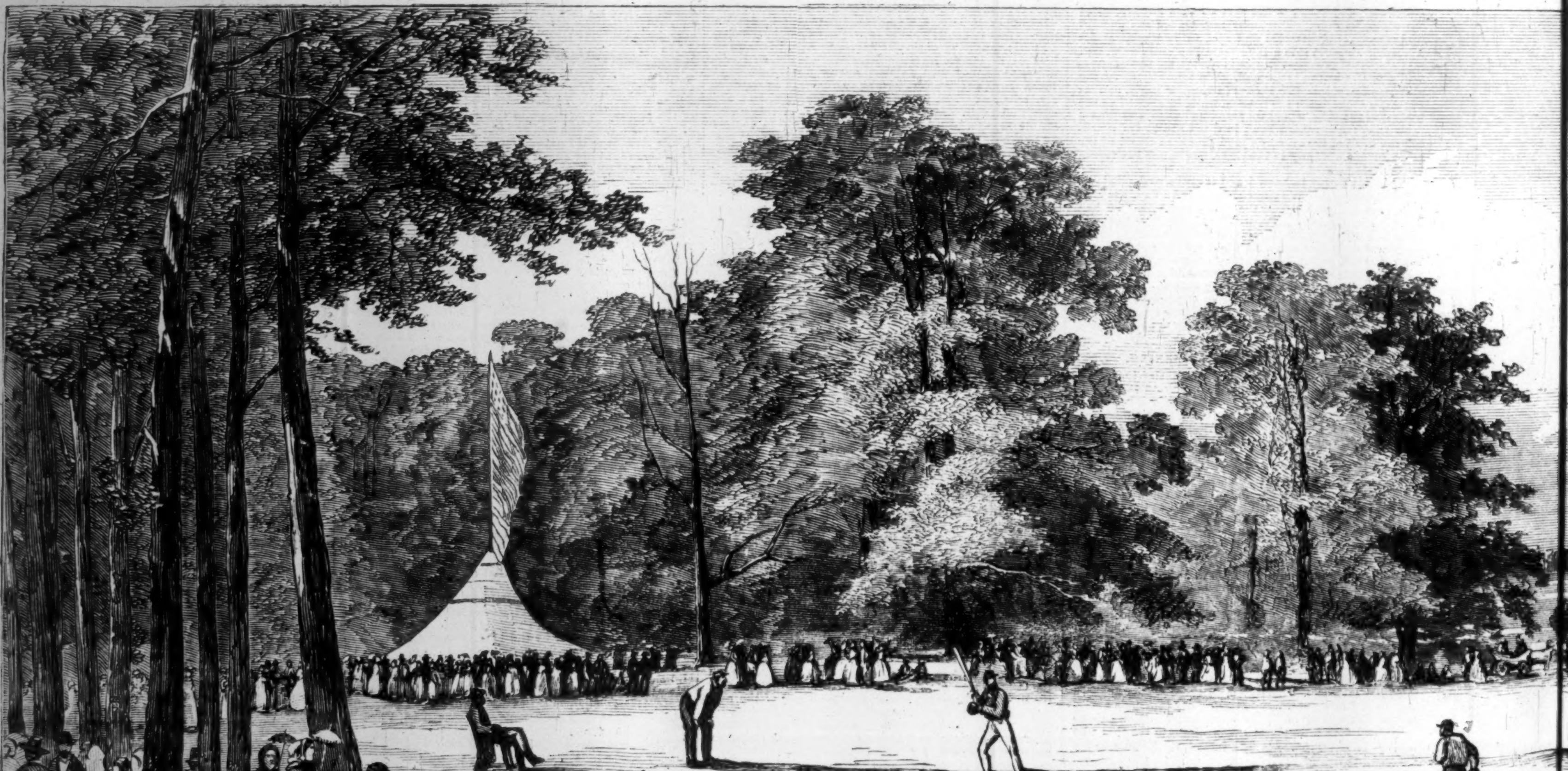
The London *Morning Herald* gives prominence to the following paragraph:

"We have reason to believe that a definitive treaty of peace will soon be concluded at Zurich. It will, however, bear the signatures of only two Powers—France and Austria. The preliminaries of Villafranca will be strictly maintained. As to the relations of Austria and Sardinia, we learn from Vienna that the preliminaries of Villafranca will serve as a guide for the conduct of Austria."

A Berne telegram says, a courier from Vienna had reached Zurich with instructions to draw up a treaty of peace.

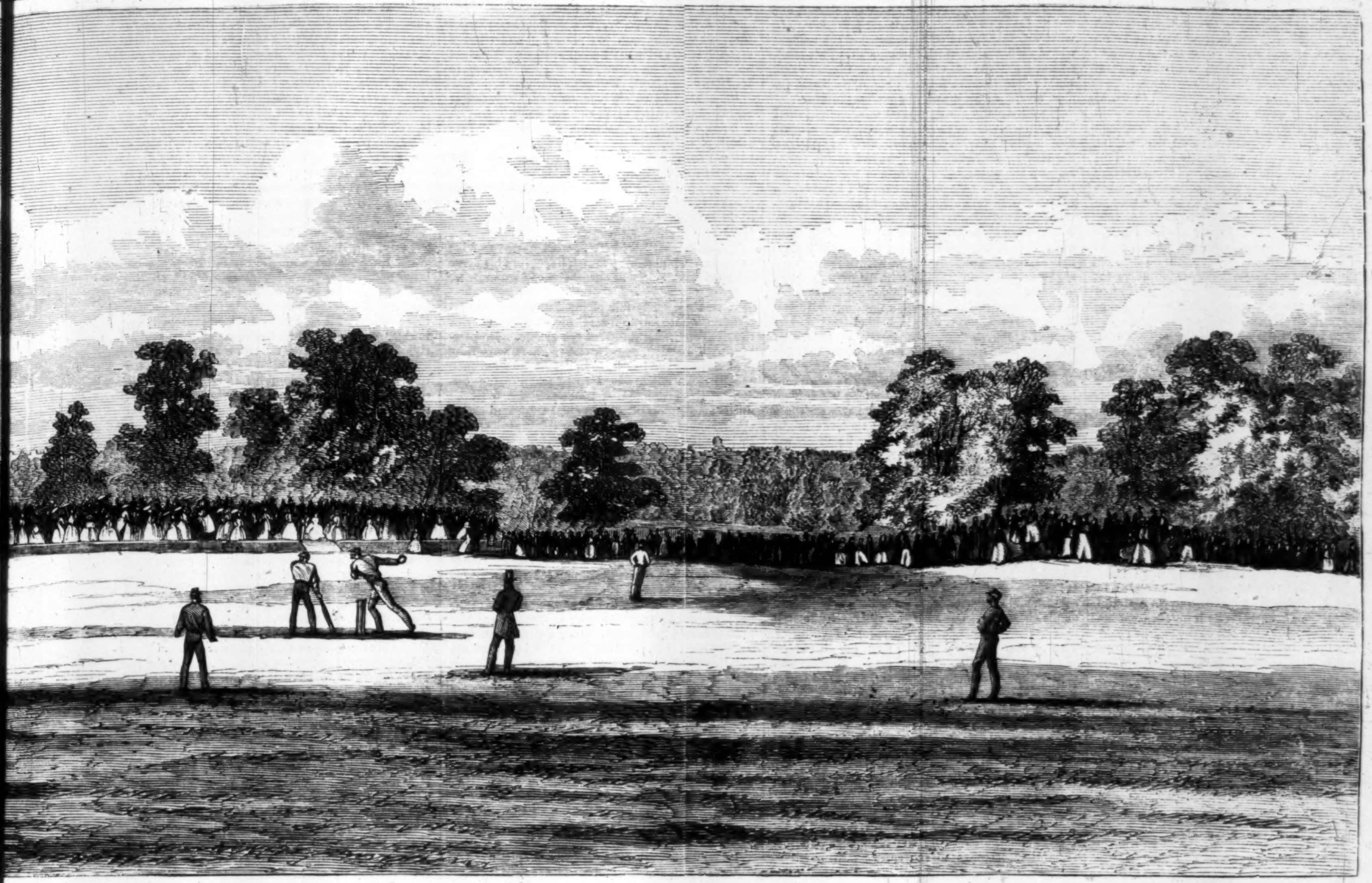
THE CRICKET MATCH PLAYED AT HOBOKEN ON OCTOBER 3-6, 1859, BETW

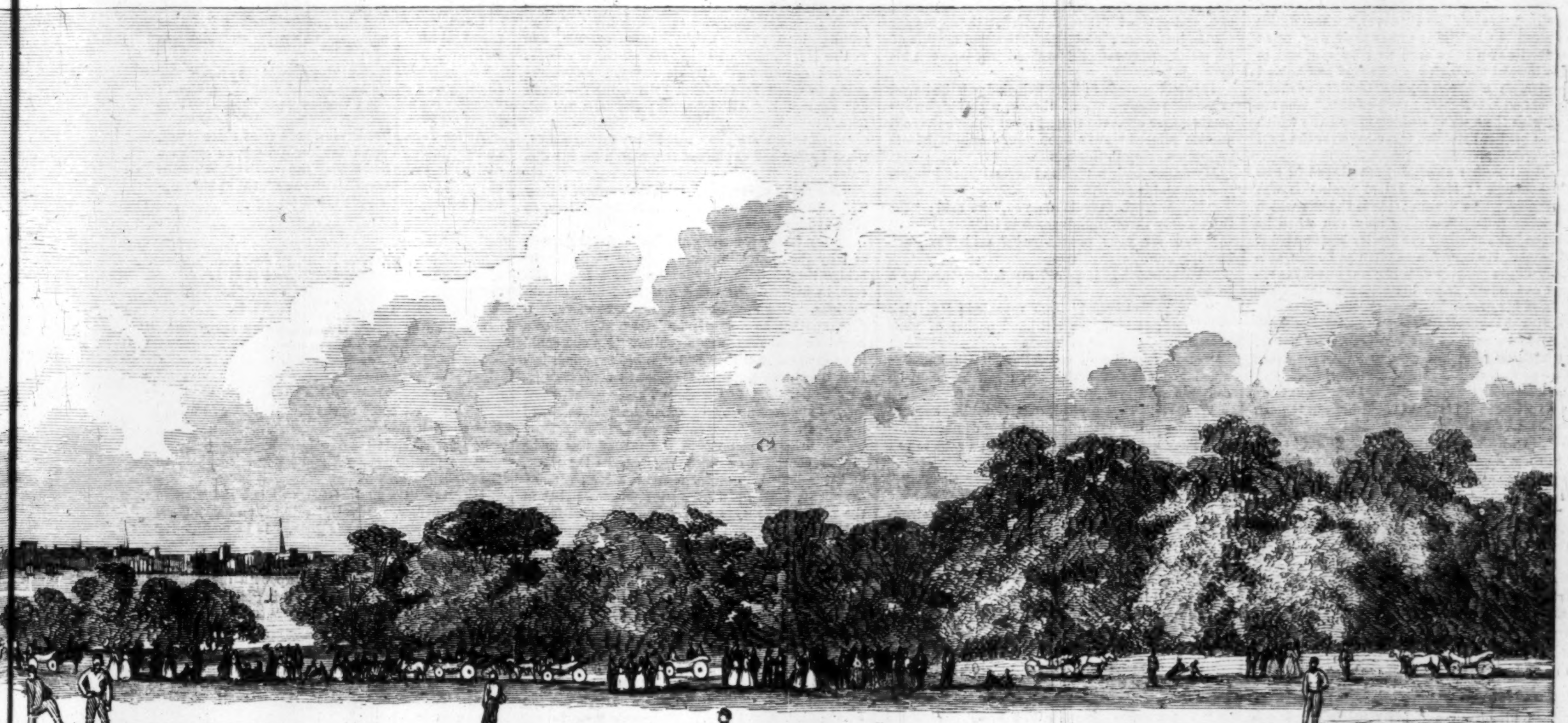

LONG STOP.
LONG SLIP.
LEG.
UMPIRE.
SHORT SLIP.
WICKET-KEEPER.
BAT.
OFF SIDE.
ON SIDE.



A BASE-BALL MATCH AT THE

TW N THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN AND THE UNITED STATES TWENTY-TWO.


MID WICKET.
BAT.
BOWLER.
WICKET.
UMPIRE.
LONG FIELD OFF.
LONG FIELD ON.



ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN

CRICKET AND BASE-BALL.

On the preceding pages we give engravings of the game of Cricket as played at Hoboken last week between the Eleven of All England and the Twenty-two of the United States; and of the game of Base-ball, as played by the clubs in this part of the country.

It is impossible, in the space allotted to us, to describe either of those two games. Both would require several columns even to give the ordinary rules which govern each game; and the account would be unintelligible to persons unacquainted with the game and superfluous for all others. Our advice to all who wish to understand these games is, to go and see them played, and after that to learn them on the field. They will thus not only be enabled to understand the accounts in the newspapers, but will likewise develop their muscles and improve their stamina.

For the benefit of those, however, who are intrigued by the accounts which are appearing in the papers of the cricket games which are being played by our English visitors, we may, in a few words, give some rough notion of the game.

Cricket, or double wickets (the only kind of cricket played here), is played by eleven players on each side. The ground chosen should be a smooth plain. In this, at a distance of 22 yards from each other, two sets of wickets (consisting of three stumps of wood 28 inches long and surmounted by one or two cross pieces called bails) are planted, one inch in the ground. In front of each of these wickets stands a batsman or striker. Opposite to the striker, rather behind the opposite wicket, stands the bowler. At the signal "play" the bowler throws the ball to the striker, aiming it at the wickets; the striker protects his wickets by striking the ball with his bat. When he strikes the ball he may run from wicket to wicket, the opposite striker running also at the same time. The striker is out, *1st*, when the ball bowled to him strikes his wickets and knocks down a stump or the bails; *2d*, when, while he is absent from his post on a run or otherwise, one of the opposite party succeeds in throwing the ball against his wicket; *3d*, when the ball, having been struck by his bat, is caught by one of his opponents; *4th*, when he knocks down his wickets with his clothes or his bat; *5th*, when his body is placed before his wickets, etc., etc. When any of these casualties occurs, he is "out," and another of his eleven takes his place; the innings ends when the whole eleven are out. Only two of the party having the innings can play at once; the other nine wait their turn.

The "outs" are all actively employed. One of them is "bowler," and throws the ball to the striker. Another is "wicket keeper;" he stands behind the wickets to stop balls which pass them without being struck; and behind him stands "long stop," whose duty it is to stop balls which have escaped both striker and "wicket keeper." In a line with the striker, on his left, stands "leg," who "backs up" balls which come in his direction; and on the opposite side are stationed "short slip," "long slip," "point," and "cover," whose duties are to catch the ball if it comes their way, or at all events to stop it as soon as they can, and to throw it toward the wickets. Around and behind the bowler, on either side, are "middle wicket," "long field on-side," "long field off-side," who are charged with the duty of looking after balls which have been hit hard and are traveling over the field in their direction.

Almost all games at cricket are played in two innings—though at Hoboken last week this was not necessary. The winning side is the one which counts most runs. A striker may run when he has hit the ball, or when the bowler has bowled it out of reach. He may run as often as he can, subject only to the penalty of being put out if his opponents can knock down his wickets while he is away from his post.

We wish that this were more intelligible than it must prove to such of our readers as are not familiar with cricket; but we can only repeat our advice—go and see the game for yourselves.

Base-ball differs from cricket, especially, in there being no wickets. The bat is held high in the air. When the ball has been struck the "outs" try to catch it, in which case the striker is "out;" or, if they can not do this, to strike the striker with it when he is running, which likewise puts him out. Instead of wickets, there are at this game four or five marks called bases, one of which, being the one at which the striker stands, is called "home." As at cricket, the point of the game is to make the most runs between these bases; the party which counts the most runs wins the day. For the particular rules of the game we must refer to the treatises on the subject.

TOM ROCKET.

TOM ROCKET was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick Assizes he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people said that the British Constitution was being pulled up, root and branch.

I can not tell you how it was that he came to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have any thing to do with my story. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lazy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and to warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said, he was "on the road" at half a dozen different places at once every day of his life.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up a half-crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob *him* on the highway; and, as I said before, he *did* see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was, at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great tithe cause that was to be tried at Warwick Spring Assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over, or past any thing. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden, it struck him that the pretty barmaid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self-same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and reloaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him "*Stand and deliver!*" It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favorite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge: she thrust a pin into each touch-hole, and then broke it short off.

"Any more?" Tom inquired, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

"Yes!" shouted my father, in a fury, "one for your nob!" And seizing the weapon last used by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat, and fell heavily on the grass by the road-side. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presenting a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bade him be quiet, or it would be the worse for him.

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or by G—! I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there;" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.

It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded fire-arms upon full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said; "for there's only three-and-sixpence in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocket-book?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Ay, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat."

"Here it is," said my father, "you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth?"

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law-papers—not worth a rush to you or any one else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"Oh! they *are* worth something, then," said Tom, with a grin.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied, sulkily—"that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired, with a meaning look.

"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you please."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred," said Tom.

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

"Go on," said Tom.

"I tell you what it is, you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them if you'll loose your hold, and fight me fairly for it."

Tom only chuckled.

"Why, what a ninny you must take me for," he said. "Why should I bother myself fighting for what I even get without?"

"You're a cur, that's what you are," my father shouted, in a fury.

"Don't be cross," said Tom. "It don't become you to look red in the face. Now attend to me," he continued, in an altered tone. "Do you see that bridge? Well, there's a heap of stones in the centre, isn't there? Very good! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, among those stones at twelve o'clock at night this day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterward."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean I say, and what I say I stick to. Now get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "*my* pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked, politely.

"I'll never rest till I lodge you in a jail," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.

"Confound your impudence," howled my father.

"Good-night!" said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence, and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow Street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down and help to catch Tom; but just at the last moment Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way-side inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock P.M. on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterward they were to join him on the road, three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting; but when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good-noight, maister," said the yokel.

"Good-night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for?" said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said, quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that 'ud be tellins. Be yer expecting any body?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nought," said the yokel, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father; "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, Sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocket-book containing waluable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, Sir. All right, Sir; and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, Sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises, and from different directions. One appeared as a tramp, one as a peddler, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a preconcerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for the dextrous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the winter time were generally covered with water. It so happened that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rain set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the road, on each side of the river. This causeway was built of wood. At some places the timbers were covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway had worn out and they were bare, so that any one looking up from underneath, could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some rope, that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one at each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. This was his plan: two of his men were to lie hidden on each hurdle; while he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding-places, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practice his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch, and strict silence. "And now, Sir," he said to my father, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it's time to get to our places and to bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at the trial." He had made up his mind, you see, to nail Master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser, in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser; "but, hush! we must not talk, Sir, time's up."

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were adrift.

Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been chafed against the sharp corner of a pile (so Mr. Fraser explained) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make any one giddy. So strong was the stream that they were carried a mile and a half down it before they could get ashore. My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but somehow or other they lost each other in the dark; and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—*the money was gone!*

Lord, how he did swear!

Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked again, louder. No answer. He was not in the very best of tempers, as you may guess; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew; and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their five pair of eyes glaring at him, owlishly, sat the *real* Mr. Fraser and his four Bow Street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself!

How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers, all together, just at the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:

> "By destroying these writings I could have ruined you. In doing so, I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false. TOM ROCKET."

As for Tom, after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds, and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle!

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

"You must come to the Burgomaster at once," said Dierich Brower.

"To what end?"

"No matter; come:" and he hurried them to the Stadthouse.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was not the man to accept a defeat. "Well," said he, on hearing the ill news, "suppose he is gone. Is he mounted?"

"No."

"Then what hinders you to come up with him?"

"But what avails coming up with him? there are no hostelries on the road he is gone."

"Fools!" said Ghysbrecht, "is there no way of emptying a man's pockets but liquor and sleight of hand?"

A meaning look, that passed between Ghysbrecht and Dierich, aided the brothers' comprehension. They changed color, and lost all zeal for the business.

"No! no! we won't get ourselves hanged to spite Gerard," said Sybrandt; "that would be a fool's trick."

"Hanged?" cried Ghysbrecht. "Am I not the Burgomaster? How can ye be hanged? I see how 'tis: ye fear to tackle one man, being two: hearts of hare, that ye are! Oh! why can not I be young again? I'd do it single-handed."

The old man now threw off all disguise, and showed them his heart was in this deed. He then flattered and besought, and jeered them alternately, but he found no eloquence could move them to an action, however dishonorable, which was attended with danger. At last he opened a drawer, and showed them a pile of silver coins."

"Change but those letters for me," he said, "and each of you shall thrust one hand into this drawer and take away as many of them as you can hold."

The effect was magical. Their eyes glittered with desire. Their whole bodies seemed to swell, and rise into male energy.

"Swear it, then," said Sybrandt.

"I swear it."

"No. On the crucifix."

Ghysbrecht swore upon the crucifix.

The next minute the brothers were on the road, in pursuit of Hans Hemling. They came in sight of him about two leagues from Tergou; but though they knew he had no weapon but his staff, they were too prudent to venture on him in daylight; so they fell back.

But being now three leagues and more from the town, and on a grassy road—sun down, moon not yet up—honest Hans suddenly found himself attacked before and behind at once by men with uplifted knives, who cried in loud though somewhat shaky voices, "Stand and deliver!"

The attack was so sudden, and so well planned, that Hans was dismayed. "Slay me not, good fellows," he cried: "I am but a poor man, and ye shall have my all."

"So be it, then. Live! But empty thy wallet."

"There is naught in my wallet, good friends, but one letter."

"That we shall see," said Sybrandt, who was the one in front. "Well: it *is* a letter."

"Take it not from me, I pray you. 'Tis worth naught, and the good dame would fret that writ it."

"There," said Sybrandt, "take back thy letter: and now empty thy pouch. Come! tarry not!"

But by this time Hans had recovered his confusion: and, by a certain flutter in Sybrandt, and hard breathing of Cornelis, aided by an indescribable consciousness, felt sure the pair he had to deal with were no heroes. He pretended to fumble for his money: then suddenly thrust his staff firmly into Sybrandt's face, and drove him staggering, and lent Cornelis a back-handed slash on the ear that sent him twirling: then whirled his weapon over his head and danced about the road like a man on springs, shouting "Come on, ye thieving loons! Come on!"

By "come" they understood "go," took to their heels directly, with Hans after them, he shouting "Stop thieves!" and they howling with fear and pain as they ran.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

About this time a change passed over Margaret Brandt. She went about her household duties like one in a dream. If Peter did but speak a little quickly to her, she started and fixed two terrified eyes on him. She went less often to her friend Margaret Van Eyck, and was ill at her ease when there. Instead of meeting her warm old friend's caresses, she used to receive them passive and trembling, and sometimes almost shrink from them. But the most extraordinary thing was she never would go outside her own house in daylight. When she went to Tergou it was after dusk, and she returned before daybreak. She would not even go to matins. At last Peter, unobservant as he was, noticed it, and asked her the reason.

"THE FOLK ALL LOOK AT ME SO."

One day Margaret Van Eyck asked her what was the matter. A scared look and a flood of tears were all the reply. The old lady expostulated gently.

"What, sweet-heart, afraid to confide your sorrows to me?"

"I have no sorrows, madam, but of my own making. I am kinder treated than I deserve, especially in this house."

"Then why not come oftener, my dear?"

"I come oftener than I deserve;" and she sighed deeply.

"There, Richt is crying out for you," said Margaret Van Eyck; "go, child! what on earth can it be?"

Turning possibilities over in her mind, she thought Margaret must be mortified at the contempt with which she was treated by Gerard's family. "I will take them to task for it, at least such of them as are women;" and the very next day she put on her hood and cloak, and, followed by Richt, went to the hosier's house. Catherine received her with much respect, and thanked her with tears for her kindness to Gerard. But when, encouraged by this, her visitor diverged to Margaret Brandt, Catherine's eyes dried, and her lips turned to half the size, and she looked as only obstinate, ignorant women can look. When they put on this cast of features you might as well try to soften or convince a brick wall. Margaret Van Eyck tried, but all in vain. So then, not being herself used to be thwarted, she got provoked, and at last went out hastily with an abrupt and mutilated courtesy, which Catherine returned with an air rather of defiance than obeisance. Outside the door Margaret Van Eyck found Richt conversing with a pale girl on crutches. Margaret Van Eyck was passing them with heightened color, and a scornful toss intended for the whole family, when suddenly a little delicate hand glided timidly into hers, and looking round she saw two dove-like eyes, with the water in them, that sought hers gratefully, and, at the same time, imploringly. The old lady read this wonderful look, complex as it was, and down went her choler. She stooped and kissed Kate's brow. "I see," said she. "Mind, then, I leave it to you."

Returned home, she said: "I have been to a house to-day where I have seen a very common thing and a very uncommon thing: I have seen a stupid, obstinate woman, and I have seen an angel in the flesh, with a face—if I had it here I'd take down my brushes once more and try and paint it."

Little Kate did not belie the good opinion so hastily formed of her. She waited a better opportunity, and told her mother what she had learned from Richt Heynes, that Margaret had shed her very blood for Gerard in the wood.

"See, mother, how she loves him!"

"Who would not love him?"

"Oh, mother, think of it! Poor thing!"

"Ay, wench. She has her own trouble, no doubt, as well as we ours. I can't abide the sight of blood, let alone my own."

This was a point gained; but when Kate tried to follow it up she was stopped short.

About a month after this a soldier of the Dalgetty tribe, returning from service in Tuscany, brought a letter one evening to the hosier's house. He was away on business: but the rest of the family sat at supper. The soldier laid the letter on the table by Catherine, and telling them he had his guerdon for bringing it, went off to Sevenbergen.

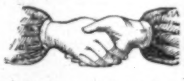
Although for a long time they had hoped and expected this, yet when it did come it took them by surprise.

The letter was unfolded and spread out: and curiously enough, though not one of them could read, they could all tell it was Gerard's handwriting.

"And your father must be away," cried Catherine. "Are ye not ashamed of yourselves? not one that can read your brother's letter?"

But although the words were to them what hieroglyphics are to us, there was something in the letter they could read. There is an art can speak without words unfettered by the penman's limits, it can steal through the eye into the heart, and brain, alike of the learned and unlearned, and it can cross a frontier or a sea, yet lose nothing. It is at the mercy of no translator: for it writes a universal language.

When, therefore, they saw this,



which Gerard had drawn with his pencil between the two short paragraphs of which his letter consisted, they read it, and it went straight to their hearts.

Gerard was bidding them farewell.

As they gazed on that simple sketch, in every turn and line of which they recognized his manner, Gerard seemed present, and bidding them farewell.

The women wept over it till they could see it no longer.

Giles said, "Poor Gerard!" in a lower voice than seemed to belong to him.

Even Cornelis and Sybrandt felt a momentary remorse, and sat eying it gloomily.

But how to get the words read to them. They were loth to show their ignorance and emotion to a stranger.

"The Dame Van Eyck?" said Kate, timidly.

"And so I will, Kate. She has a good heart. She loves Gerard, too. She will be glad to hear of him. I was short with her when she came here, but I will make my submission, and then she will tell me what my poor child says to me."

She was soon at Margaret Van Eyck's house. Richt took her into a room, and said, "Bide a minute; she is at her orisons."

There was a young woman in the room seated pensively by the stove; but she rose and courteously made way for the visitor.

"Thank you, young lady; the winter nights are cold, and your stove is inviting." Catherine then, while warming her hands, inspected her companion furtively from head to foot, both inclusive. The young person wore an ordinary wimple, but her gown was trimmed with fur, which was, in those days, almost a sign of superior rank or wealth. But what most struck Catherine was the candor and modesty of the face. She felt sure of sympathy from so good a countenance, and began to gossip.

"Now, what think you brings me here, young lady? It is a letter: a letter from my poor boy that is far away in some savage part or other. And I take shame to say that none of us can read it. I wonder whether you can read."

"Yes."

"Can ye, now? It is much to your credit, my dear. I dare say she won't be long; but every minute is an hour to a poor longing mother."

"I will read it to you."

"Bless you, my dear; bless you!"

In her unfeigned eagerness she never noticed the suppressed eagerness with which the hand was slowly put out to take the letter. She did not see the tremor with which the fingers closed on it.

"Come, then, read it to me, prithee. I am wearying for it."

"The first words are, 'To my honored parents.'"

"Ay! and he always did honor us, poor soul."

"'God and the saints have you in his holy keeping, and bless you by night and by day. Your one harsh deed is forgotten; your years of love remembered.'"

Catherine laid her hand on her bosom, and sank back in her chair with one heart-broken sob.

"Then comes this, madam. It speaks for itself. A long adieu."

"Ay, go on, bless you, girl; you give me sorry comfort. Still, 'tis comfort."

"'To my brothers Cornelis and Sybrandt. Be content. You will see me no more!'"

"What does that mean? Ah! has he seen what I have: or more?"

"'To my sister Kate. Little angel of my father's house. Be kind to *her*—' Ah!"

"That is Margaret Brandt, my dear—his sweetheart, poor soul. I've not been kind to her. Forgive me, Gerard!"

"'For poor Gerard's sake: since grief to her is death—to—me—' Ah!" And nature, resenting the poor girl's struggle for unnatural composure, suddenly gave way, and she sank from her chair and lay insensible, with her head on Catherine's knees.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Experienced women are not frightened when a woman faints, nor do they hastily attribute it to any thing but those physical causes which they have often seen produce it. Catherine bustled about; laid the girl down with her head on the floor quite flat, opened the window, and unloosed her dress as she lay. Not till she had done all this did she step to the door and say, rather loudly,

"Come here, if you please."

Margaret Van Eyck and Richt came and found Margaret lying quite flat, and Catherine beating her hands.

"Oh, my poor girl, what has happened?"

"Nothing, madam; nothing more than is natural in her situation."

"My poor Margaret!"

"Margaret! What, not Margaret Brandt?"

"Yes! this is the poor girl you are so bitter against. She is coming to, thank Heaven!"

"Me bitter? Well, so I was; but my heart is turned toward her somehow, as she was my own child—all in one moment. What, sweet-heart? Be not frightened—none are here but friends. And to think of my setting her to read me the letter—poor thing!"

They seated her in an easy-chair. As the color was creeping back to her face and lips, Catherine drew Margaret Van Eyck aside.

"I would not let her go home to-night."

To enforce this she whispered a few words. Margaret Van Eyck started at them, and without going out of a whisper, went into a passion.

"It's false! it is a calumny! it is monstrous! Look at her face. It is blasphemy to accuse such a face."

"Tut! tut! tut!" said the other, "you might as well say this is not my hand! I ought to know. I have had a dozen, besides the numbers I have seen. I tell ye it is so."

And much to Margaret Van Eyck's surprise she went up to the girl, and, taking her round the neck, kissed her warmly. "I suffered for Gerard, and you shed your blood for him, I do hear: his own words show me I have been to blame. I've held aloof from you. But I'll make it up to you once I begin. You are my daughter from this hour."

Another warm embrace sealed this hasty compact, and the woman of impulse was gone.

Margaret lay back in her chair, and a feeble smile stole over her face. Gerard's mother had kissed her and called her daughter. But the next moment she saw her old friend looking at her with a solemnity and sadness that were quite new. She slid from her chair to her knees and prayed piteously to the old dame for pardon. From the words and the manner of her penitence a by-stander would have gathered she had inflicted some cruel wrong and intolerable insult upon her venerable friend.

The little party at the hosier's house sat at table discussing the recent event, when their mother returned, and, casting a piercing glance all round the little circle, laid the letter flat on the table. She repeated every word of it, following the lines with her finger, then suddenly lifting her head she cast another keen look on Cornelis and Sybrandt: their eyes fell. Then the storm that had long been brewing burst on their heads.

Catherine seemed to swell like an angry hen ruffling her feathers, and out of her mouth came a Rhone and Saone of wisdom and twaddle, of great and mean invective, such as no male that ever was born could utter in one current; and not many women. "I have long had my doubts that you blew the flame betwixt Gerard and your father, and set that old rogue Ghysbrecht on. And now here are Gerard's own written words to prove it. You have driven your own flesh and blood into a far land, and robbed the mother that bore you of her darling, the pride of her eye, the joy of her heart. But you are of a piece from end to end. When you were all boys together, my others were a comfort, but you were a curse: mischievous and sly, and it took a woman half her day to keep your clothes whole. For why? work wears cloth, but play cuts it. With the beard comes prudence, but none came to you. Still the last to go to bed, and the last to leave it; and why? because honesty goes to bed early, and industry rises betimes. Where there are two lie-a-beds in a house there are a pair of ne'er-do-weels. Often I've sat and looked at your ways and wondered where you came from. You don't take after your father, and you are no more like me than a wasp is to an ant. Sure you were changed in the cradle, or the cuckoo dropped ye on my floor: for you have not our hands nor our hearts; of all my blood none but you ever jeered them that God afflicted but often when my back was turned I've heard you mock at Giles, because he is not so big as some, and at my lily Kate (that is poor dear Gerard's word), because she is not so strong as a Flanders mare. After that rob a church an' you will, for you can be no worse in his eyes that made both Kate and Giles, and in mine that suffered for them, poor darlings, as I did for you, you paltry, unfeeling, treasonable curs! No, I will not hush, my daughter, they have filled the cup too full. It takes a deal to turn a mother's heart against the sons she has nursed upon her knees; and many is the time I have winked and wouldn't see too much, and bitten my tongue lest their father should know them as I do; he would have put them to the door that moment. But now they have filled the cup too full. And where got ye all this money? You never wrought for it. I wish I may never hear from other mouths how ye got it. Sloth and greed are ill-mated, my masters: lovers of money must sweat or steal. Well, if you robbed a traveler of it, it was some woman I'll go bail, for a man would drive you with his naked hand. No matter; it is good for one thing, it has shown me how you will guide our gear if ever it comes to be yourn.

"I have watched you, my lads, this while—you have spent a groat a day between you, and I spend scarce a groat a week, and keep you all, good and bad. No! give up waiting for the shoes that will, maybe, walk behind your coffin, for this shop and this house shall never be yours. Gerard is our heir—poor Gerard whom you have banished and done your best to kill; never call me mother again! But you have only made him ten-fold dearer to me. My poor lost boy! I shall soon see him again, shall hold him in my arms and set him on my knees. Oh, you may stare. You are too clever, and yet not clever enough. You cut the stalk away, but you left the seed—the seed that shall outgrow you, and outlive you. Margaret Brandt is quick, and it is Gerard's, and what is Gerard's is mine, and I have prayed the saints it may be a boy, and it will—it must. Oh, Kate, when I found it was so, my bowels yearned over her child unborn as if it had been my own!

"He is our heir. He will outlive us. You will not; for a bad heart in a carcass is like the worm in a nut; soon brings the body to dust. So, Kate, take down Gerard's bib and tucker that are in the drawer you wot of, and to-morrow we will carry them to Sevenbergen. We will borrow Peter Buysken's cart, and go comfort Gerard's wife under her burden. She is his wife. Who is Ghysbrecht Van Swieten? Can he come between a couple and the altar, and sunder those that God and the priest make one? She is my daughter; and I am as proud of her as I am of you, Kate: and as for *you*, keep out of my way a while, for you are like the black dog in my eyes."

Cornelis and Sybrandt took the hint and slunk out, aching with remorse, and impenitence, and hate. They kept out of her sight for days; and she never spoke to them again about their conduct. *Liberaverat animam suam.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten heard no more of the black sheep for two days. Then they came and produced the letter they had taken from Hans Memling before he leathered them—and claimed their reward. The drawer was opened, and in went their hands. Sybrandt had slyly glued his without telling Cornelis, for black sheep are not always loyal to one another: so some small coins stuck to the back of his hand, and he got more for his soul than his brother did. When they were gone Ghysbrecht opened the letter, and found, to his surprise, it was written by Margaret Brandt. In it the poor girl revealed her situation to her lover, and besought him to return and save her honor. Her love and her sorrow had found words so simple and touching that Ghysbrecht felt a deeper pang of remorse than ever, and cursed the hour he had fallen into the views of Cornelis and Sybrandt. But it was too late.

Hans was far away with the fatal letter to tell Gerard Margaret was dead.

While Ghysbrecht was in this state he received a summons to answer a charge made against him by the bishop of the diocese, for entering a church profanely, and interrupting the sacrament of marriage by force and arms.

The curé of Sevenbergen was a mild man, and had submitted to that insult; but he related it months afterward to others of the clergy, and they took it up instantly with ardor, and an esprit du corps that boded ill for the lay defendant. Soon the lawyers had their word; and after much discussion they settled it thus: That on a special and written authority from the father of either bride or bridegroom the magistrate might stop a marriage even at the altar, provided he did it decently, and sine strepitu, and in a certain form—viz., by a writ first delivered to the officiating priest; but that on a general authority naming no time nor place, or on an unwritten authority, he could do no act of such weight, this being an interference with the clergy in their proper functions, and in domicilio sancto. On the above particulars a month was given Ghysbrecht to furnish evidence. But this decision was in reality fatal to him. He had no written authority from Gerard senior. He had not done his act in the form by law prescribed, and by no means sine strepitu. Weighing this, and knowing from Martin Wittenhaagen that the Duke was prejudiced against him, he was deeply dejected. In which state a still heavier blow fell on him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Gerard, who had all his parent's economy, intended to make his pen defray the expenses of his journey. But when he got into Germany he found the art of printing universal, and so beautifully executed that he could not go beyond it. Besides

Imprimit una dies quantum non scribitur anno.

He had the modesty and the sense to see that the best man can't vie with good machinery. He pushed on to Italy, afraid printing would get there before him. The Burgomaster's money enabled him to travel more quickly than most pedestrians; but when he got to Florence his funds had sadly dwindled. He found no printing to speak of at Florence, and a great demand for scribes.

But alas! the run was mainly upon Greek MSS., and Gerard, though he knew the Greek character, had no skill to write it. But he set to work with a will and practiced it. When he had, at last, mastered it, he thought he would prepare a specimen of his powers, surrounded with a border of fruit and leaves.

Should he buy a fair piece of vellum to lay it on? No; he was Catherine's son: why buy what he had by him? That old deed was on fair vellum: it was dirty, but then he had a receipt for cleaning vellum. He laid the deed on the table and took his knife to cut it in half, intending to glue the written faces of the two halves together, and so make a glorious solid sheet.

Now, as he bent over it, a word or two excited his curiosity. "Gently," said he; "let me not destroy it till I know what it is: it belongs to *her*."

Accordingly he read it; and, as he read it, his cheeks got hot, and his heart began to beat. When he had read it, he studied it; and the more he studied it, the more sure he was that there was something much better to be done with it than copy Plutarch on it.

He sat reading and pondering it; and so absorbed that he missed the sight of a face from

Holland. Hans Memling passed his little window twice, but Gerard never saw him.

At peep of day Gerard left Florence.

Friend and foe had shot at him with love and with hate, and each missed him alike. Neither Margaret's imploring cry to him to return reached him, nor did the false report of her death reach him, though it grazed so horribly near him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Margaret stole away to Sevenbergen at peep of day; there she found the soldier had left her a long letter from Gerard. The thousand tender words of love filled her with joy; but the letter was dated from Florence, and the distance filled her with dismay. "Oh, Gerard!" she cried, "why are you so far from me? What will become of me if you get not my letter? I shall die disgraced, for live ashamed I can not." Soon after breakfast Catherine came, true to her promise, and was so warm, so cheerful, and motherly, that she revived the drooping flower. Little Kate was unable to come. She was in more pain than usual. From this time the visits of Catherine were frequent. Margaret's despondent state caused her considerable anxiety. She never would come to Tergou; and indeed would not leave the house. "I held my head too high," she said, "and now I can look no one in the face. The dame Van Eyck tries to forgive me, but she can't: how can she? None can save me but one, and he comes not; well-a-day!"

"I tell you," said Catherine, "you are his wife, and my daughter; and don't ye go fretting now, for the sake of the precious burden you are trusted with." But when it transpired publicly that the clergy were proceeding against Ghysbrecht, Catherine came to Sevenbergen buoyant with the news; and as she told it with a fair share of exaggeration, it brought life into Margaret's pale face for a moment or two.

One day, as Peter was reading and Margaret leaning her weary head on her new mother's bosom and kissing her hand, and the kind Catherine leaning her head down with assumed cheerfulness, but secret anxiety, over this her pining daughter, so dear to her now, there stood in the door-way the figure of a man in rags, weary with travel, pale, large eyed. Peter glanced off his book, and said, "Pass on, good man, we are too poor to give," then back to his book again.

There was a swift rush, a staff rattled on the floor, and the worn man was on his knees, with his arms round both the women, speechless and panting for joy.

"Ah! my darling! my darling! cried his mother, as only a mother can cry; and Margaret clung tight to him with one long moan of love, and sobbed, and laughed, and wept upon his neck.

But words have not the power to paint a joy so sudden, so wild, so all-overpowering.

An hour later Gerard sat between the two, a hand of each in his hand, and ever and anon kissing a cheek of each alternately as he told his story.

"Dear Gerard, 'twas my letter brought you?"

"No, Margaret, I got no letter. 'Twas this brought me, this deed which shows me your father is a wealthy man; his father's goods being wrongfully kept from him by Ghysbrecht Van Swieten; I only found it out at Florence. Was I to go on, and leave you in poverty, when I held this talisman to make you rich?"

"I am rich in your love. I ask no more. Oh, mother, can this be real? can any woman be so happy and live?"

"Why not? what would she gain by dying? Gerard, you and I must talk about that deed; this one is too simple: and now, quick, to Tergou."

"Ay; but how can I leave Margaret so soon?"

"Mother, he loves me still. I'll come too, Gerard, sooner than the rest should want you."

And Margaret was half an hour making the little changes in her clothes and hair, that of late had not kept her five minutes.

And she came down transformed: elastic, and radiant with beauty.

"Good lack!" cried Catherine, "we shall want no candles with this one in the room!"

And in Buysken's cart went Gerard in rags to Tergou, with a dear hand in each of his, the happiest he in Holland.

Arrived at Tergou, his Spartan sire fell on his neck and kissed him; and no word was uttered but of love and content; and little Kate's face was seraphic, and her hand crept alternately into Margaret's and Gerard's. And as they talked, and sometimes sighed—sometimes rejoiced over all their troubles now happily ended—their glistening eyes and nimble fingers were all busy making Gerard a suit of decent clothes. They hadn't far to go for the cloth, you know.

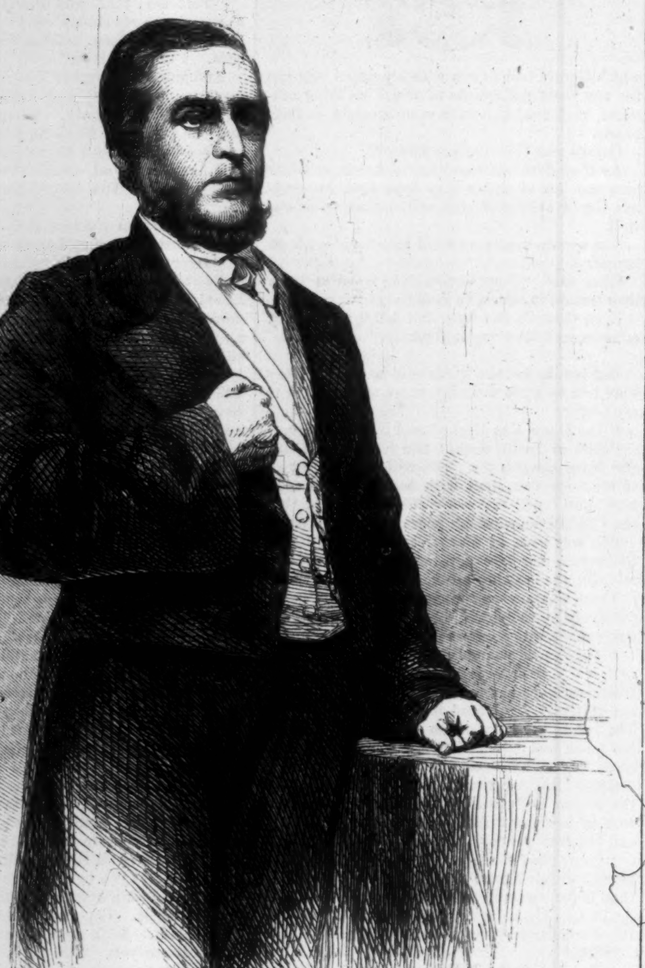
Next day, when Gerard went to ask the curé to marry him, an objection was raised: "This has been discussed, and it is matter of great doubt whether you are not married: if so, it were a sin to repeat the ceremony. This were to throw doubt upon a sacrament." Gerard exclaimed and entreated, and at last it was settled thus: no fresh bans; the words the curé had uttered not to be repeated; the service to be taken up from the point reached at the last attempt; the marriage to be registered as having taken place at that date, Ghysbrecht's interruption having been laic, profane, illegal, null. On these terms the curé consented to read the rest of the mutilated service—and to take the fees.

The piece of parchment was a covenant by which Ghysbrecht had advanced money, many years ago, to Floris Brandt, on the security of certain lands and houses; Ghysbrecht to draw the rents until said sum should be repaid: but, comparing the income with the debt and date of loan, it was clear it had been repaid this sixteen years. Yet Ghysbrecht had quietly gone on holding the property, without a rag of title; and trusting to the learned Peter's stupidity, had set it afloat that he had *bought* it of Floris Brandt. Thus not only the property was Peter's, but the back-rents for many years. As for the title-deeds, Gerard rummaged the philosopher's house without much hope. "He has cut them up for labels," said he. Unjust! They were eventually found innocuously lining a drawer, which was full of the seeds of medicinal herbs, and really arranged with considerable method—the seeds. Gerard's father was a shrewd man, and had many friends in Tergou: he and his party took the matter up, and threatened to indict Ghysbrecht if he did not instantly refund; these pressing him hard on one side, and the clergy, whom he had affronted, on the other, Ghysbrecht's ruin and disgrace impended.

But the old fox contrived to give his foes the slip. He was found dead in his bed one morning; not without some suspicion of having hastened an exit desirable for himself and others.

His heir, a distant relative and a just man, deprecated scandal, and accounted to Peter, or rather to Gerard, his son-in-law and man of business, for every farthing due. Gerard and Margaret then removed to Rotterdam, taking with them Peter, who met with more honor in the city than in the village, and had the glory of curing several personages, among the rest a heathen belonging to the Duke. He lived to a great age, cherished tenderly by his good son and daughter. He soon ceased to be aware that they were not both his children by blood.

Gerard and Margaret, like many that meet in youth more than their share of trouble, enjoyed more happiness and tranquillity than falls to the usual lot of man.



JUAN RAFAEL MORA, EX-PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

The Duke, on the report of his giant, sent flaming messengers for Giles to come to court. Vain was all remonstrance. The Duke's word was law. Catherine made Giles ready, weeping bitterly. It was an irreparable loss. She could have spared Sybrandt or Cornelis. She had two black sheep. But she had but one dwarf.

Giles was petted and bedizened, and invested with privileges. Item—on account of his small size he was permitted to speak the truth. It sounded *so* odd at court. It is a disagreeable thing at best; but he contrived to make it more so by bellowing it.

Sybrandt achieved a broken neck without help of halter, I forget how. Cornelis, free from all rivals, and forgiven long ago by his mother, who clung to him more and more now all her brood was scattered, waited, and waited, and waited, for his parents' decease. But his mother's shrewd word came true: ere she and her mate wore out, this worthy rusted away. At sixty-five he lay dying of old age in his mother's arms, a hale woman of eighty-six. He had lain unconscious a while; but came to himself in articulo mortis, and seeing her near him, told her how he would transmogrify the shop and premises as soon as they should be his. "Yes, my darling," said the poor old woman, soothingly · and in another minute he was clay. And that clay was followed to the grave by all the shoes he had waited for.

After his death the old couple were lonely. Gerard guessed as much, and came for them, and made them sell their shop and goods, and live under his wing, as he had once under theirs. His house was large, his heart was larger. He set them by his chimney-corner, and he and his good Margaret forced comforts on them they would by force of habit have denied themselves. They sat some years by Gerard's hearth, and fondled little heads, and smiled at one another, and spoke of early days, and grew like one another; and their wrinkled faces had still a beauty, for they shone with benignity. Oh, happy end of lives well spent! All the passions gone, all the affections left. Good citizens these, and good spouses. They reared many children in probity and piety, and never did holy wedlock show holier nor more lovely than in this aged happy pair, whose solace it had been for threescore years and ten.

Long and long before this little Kate had left her trouble behind her. There was too much angel in her face for a long abode on earth. She smiled too in pain, another sign. Life gave her but few joys, so it was just that death should come to her without his frown: and thus he came. She was seized with a sudden lassitude, and a cessation of that pain which had been her companion from infancy. Her mother tried to think this was a change for the better. But the gossips looked at her face and shook their heads, and said, "She is half-way to the saints." Thus painless she lay two days foretasting heaven. When she was near her end she asked for Gerard's little boy; he was three years old. They brought him and set him on the bed; by this time she was past speaking: but she pointed to a drawer: they looked, and found the two gold pieces Gerard had given her years ago. Then she nodded her head toward the boy, and looked anxious lest they should not understand her. But they did, and put the tokens of the father's love, so faithfully guarded, into the boy's hands: and when she saw his little fingers close on them she smiled content; and so, having disposed of her little earthly treasures, she yielded her immortal jewel to God, and passed from earth so calmly none saw her go. Gerard begged to have her crutches, that she had changed so well for angel's pinions; and he set them in his oratory in form of a cross, for he said, "They were my darling sister's crutches, but now they are the relics of a saint." He never forgot her, nor did his memory of her ever wax dim: when quite an old man he still spoke of her, with tears in his eyes, as of one mortal creature he had known, pure from all earthly dross.

JUAN RAFAEL MORA, EX-PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

We give herewith the portrait of the distinguished Ex-President of Costa Rica, Juan Rafael Mora. It is not alone because Señor Mora's precipitation from power and arrival in our city contribute to the more exciting news of the hour, that we introduce his name and likeness in these columns. His character, his political career, the services he has done his country, the very prominent part he has for the last three or four years sustained in the battle-fields and councils of Central America—these circumstances entitle him to the public interest and an honorable mention. And though he must acutely feel his loss of power, the perfidy of his military officers, and his separation from the people to whom he has been sincerely devoted, and the home on which he has shed so much *éclat*, and within the sanctuary of which he was so much beloved, still it must be a consolation to him to find—as he has found, undoubtedly—that, through their leading journals, the people of New York have been quick in acknowledging his excellent traits, the practical patriotism, the durable successes, and fair fame of his administration. Nor is it in the least unreasonable for him to reckon upon his speedy restoration to Costa Rica, and so assuage his chagrin at what has recently occurred there, with the hope that he will be enabled before long to resume those good offices on behalf of Costa Rica in the midst of which he was interrupted; and, in a renewed career of usefulness and enlightenment, disprove the charges of his enemies.

Born the 8th of February, 1815, Señor Mora is this day in the prime of life. Blessed with excellent health, diligent in his habits, active in mind and limb, singularly temperate in his living, he has a long life still before him, and the faculties of rendering it fruitful in eminent good works and statesmanship. San José, the capital of Costa Rica, was the scene of his birth. His father, who occupied the highest social position, and was one of the few merchants resident in the country at the time, was, also, born there. The grandfather of Juan Rafael emigrated in the earlier part of the last century from Catalonia—that rugged, bounteous Pyrenean province of old Spain—and his uncle, Don Juan, was the first to succeed, in the supreme magistracy of Costa Rica, the Royalist deputies of Madrid. The subject of this memoir, following in his honest father's footsteps, took to business at the age of sixteen. In the way of business he visited the principal cities of this continent, North and South. In 1835 he paid his first, and, until the present, his only visit to New York. His intercourse with the leading commercial men of those cities confirmed the practical bias of his mind. What he learned in commerce he transferred to politics. His statesmanship has been essentially practical. Endowed with the pluck of the practiced soldier, not insensible to the enthusiasm which is supposed to animate exclusively the patriot of romance, he has sternly abstained from the wastefulness of the one, and in no instance has suffered himself to indulge in the delusive dreaminess of the other. In this respect he stands aloof from and high above all the other Republican rulers of Spanish America, the illustrious and venerable José Antonio Paez, of Venezuela, alone excepted. Nestling in the deep shadows of the volcanoes which girdle it, watered by bounding streams which never fail, perfumed by the hundred rich coffee-plantations which extend on every side beyond it, peaceful, industrious, and prosperous, no one born within its modest walls could fail to love it. During his Presidency, which commenced in October, 1848, several public edifices, erected at different points throughout the little city, bear witness to the pride with which he has labored to embellish the capital of the republic. The University of St. Thomas, which cost $56,000; the theatre, which cost $30,000; the Palace of the Government, which cost $130,000; the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, which cost nearly $39,000—these are the monuments which stand to-day, and for years will stand, indelibly inscribed to the honor of his name. But they will not thus stand, in a favored birth-place, the sole evidences of his ambition to improve the aspect, while he developed the resources, of the country. The road from Punta Arenas, on the Pacific, to San José, the capital, 4000 feet above the sea, winding up in broad and gentle slopes, and crossing mountains such as the Aguacate, 6000 feet high, spanning numerous and dangerous torrents by a series of massive stone bridges, and at every point solidly constructed, this fine road was hastened to its completion under his administration. Admirable as it is, however, Señor Mora desired still further to improve it.

Some time previous to the eruption of the conspiracy which in an instant swept him from the Presidency, he had contracted for an iron bridge over the Barranca, the first river which interrupts the road in the ascent from Punta Arenas. This bridge was to cost $53,000. It is much needed, the Barranca rising with a violent rapidity in rainy weather, and continuing so high and swift as to preclude for months the possibility of fording it. The greater part of the year passengers—men, goods, and cattle—cross it by means of a raft hauled across by ropes. The thriving port of Punta Arenas—one of the busiest and brightest between Valparaiso and San Francisco—owes to him, in the first instance, the position it has achieved and the future it is assured. Urging the Costa Rican Congress to declare it a free port, or rather to extend indefinitely its privileges as such, he has cordially encouraged the commercial enterprises which have made it their destination.

The efforts of the Panama Railroad Company, in establishing steam-communication with the principal Pacific ports of Central America, have, with a bounteous good-will, been seconded by him. For carrying the mails once a month from Costa Rica to Panama, and up the coast to Realajio, La Union, and Isabel, Señor Mora obtained from the Congress at San José an annual appropriation of $8000. More than this—he secured a perpetual exemption from all duties, etc., for all merchandise brought into the country by the steamships of this Company, and his example in this respect has stimulated a similar liberality on the part of the Governments of Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Guatemala.

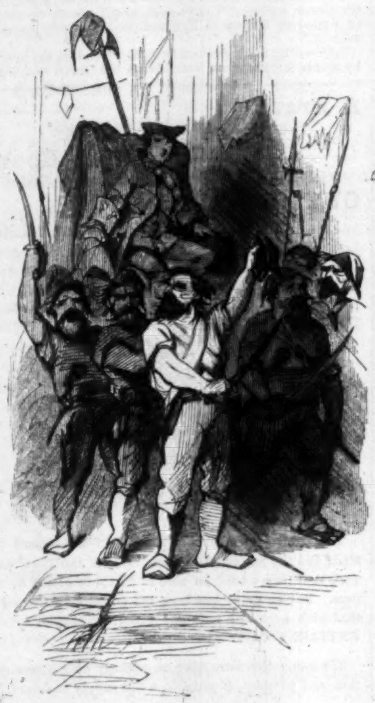
Add to this, that two new towns, Grecia and San Ramon—the one containing 5000, the other nearly 9000 inhabitants—have sprung up under his administration. Add, moreover, that a treaty with Spain, recognizing the independence of Costa Rica and pledging to the latter the friendship of the former, was concluded by him in 1851, and that other treaties, including a Concordat with Rome, established with the principal governments of South America and Europe the friendliest relations, while they obtained many sound commercial and ecclesiastical benefits for Costa Rica, and we have said enough for the present to justify the respect in which Juan Rafael Mora, the deposed President of Costa Rica, is held even among strangers, and more than enough to excite a suspicion of the parties who have forced him into exile.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.



CHAPTER VI.

TRIUMPH.

The dread Tribunal of five Judges, Public Prosecutor, and determined Jury, sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard jailer-joke was, "Come out and listen to the Evening Paper you inside there!"

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!"

So, at last, began the Evening Paper at La Force.

When a name was called, its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, had reason to know the usage; he had seen hundreds pass away so.

His bloated jailer, who wore spectacles to read with, glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place, and went through the list, making a similar short pause at each name. There were twenty-three names, but only twenty were responded to; for one of the prisoners so summoned had died in jail and been forgotten, and two had been already guillotined and forgotten. The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre; every human creature he had since cared for and parted with had died on the scaffold.

There were hurried words of farewell and kindness, but the parting was soon over. It was the incident of every day, and the society of La Force were engaged in the preparation of some games of forfeits and a little concert for that evening. They crowded to the grates and shed tears there; but twenty places in the projected entertainments had to be refilled, and the time was, at best, short to the lock-up hour, when the common rooms and corridors would be delivered over to the great dogs who kept watch there through the night. The prisoners were far from insensible or unfeeling; their ways arose out of the condition of the time. Similarly, though with a subtle difference, a species of fervor or intoxication, known, without doubt, to have led some persons to brave the guillotine unnecessarily, and to die by it, was not mere boastfulness, but a wild infection of the wildly shaken public mind. In seasons of pestilence, some of us will have a secret attraction to the disease—a terrible passing inclination to die of it. And all of us have like wonders hidden in our breasts only needing circumstances to evoke them.

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and dark; the night in its vermin-haunted cells was long and cold. Next day fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned.

His Judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tricolored cockade was the head-dress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the Jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed, and that the felons were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruelest, and worst populace of a city, never without its quantity of low, cruel, and bad, were the directing spirits of the scene: noisily commenting, applauding, disapproving, anticipating, and precipitating the result, without a check. Of the men, the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women, some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last was one, with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked. She was in a front row by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but what he most noticed in the two figures was, that, although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked toward him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the Jury, but at nothing else. Under the President sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the Tribunal, who wore their usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Carmagnole.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an aristocrat and an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head!" cried the audience. "An enemy to the Republic!"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country—he submitted before the word emigrant in its present acceptation by the Tribunal was in use—to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses: Theophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England? the President reminded him.

True, but not an English woman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

"Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exultation of the well-known good physician rent the hall. So capriciously were the people moved that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the streets and kill him.

On these few steps of his dangerous way Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions. The same cautious counsel directed every step that lay before him, and had prepared every inch of his road.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did, and not sooner?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic?

The populace cried enthusiastically, "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them. Which it did not, for they continued to cry "No!" until they left off of their own will.

The President required the name of that citizen? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the Republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye—in fact, had rather passed out of the Tribunal's patriotic remembrance—until three days ago, when he had been summoned before it, and had been set at liberty on the Jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered, as to himself, by the surrender of the citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but as he proceeded, as he showed that the Accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that so far from being in favor with the Aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and a friend of the United States—as he brought these circumstances into view, with the greatest discretion and with the straightforward force of truth and earnestness, the Jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been a witness on that English trial, and could corroborate his account of it, the Jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes, if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote (the Jurymen voted aloud and individually) the populace set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favor, and the President declared him free.

Then began one of those extraordinary scenes with which the populace sometimes gratified their fickleness, or their better impulses toward generosity and mercy, or which they regarded as some set-off against their swollen account of cruel rage. No man can decide now to which of these motives such extraordinary scenes were referable; it is probable, to a blending of all the three, with the second predominating. No sooner was the acquittal pronounced than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and such fraternal embraces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that, after his long and unwholesome confinement, he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion—none the less because he knew very well that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried together next, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost, that these five came down to him, before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary prison sign of Death—a raised finger—and they all added in words, "Long live the Republic!"

The five had had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceedings, for when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in Court—except two, for which he looked in vain. On his coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns and all together, until the very tide of the river on the bank of which the mad scene was acted seemed to run mad, like the people on the shore.

They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either out of the Court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. Over the chair they had thrown a red flag, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In this car of triumph not even the Doctor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red caps heaving about him, and casting up to sight from the stormy deep such wrecks of faces that he more than once misdoubted his mind being in confusion, and that he was in the tumbril on his way to the Guillotine.

In wild, dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him on. Reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing Republican color, in winding and trampling through them, as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the court-yard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before to prepare her, and when her husband stood upon his feet she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the brawling crowd, so that his tears and her lips might come together unseen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly all the rest fell to dancing, and the court-yard overflowed with the Carmagnole. Then they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddess of Liberty, and then, swelling and overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank, and over the bridge, the Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the Doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting in breathless from his struggle against the water-spout of the Carmagnole; after kissing little Lucie, who was lifted up to clasp her arms round his neck; and after embracing the ever zealous and faithful Pross who lifted her, he took his wife in his arms and carried her up to their rooms.

"Lucie! My own! I am safe."

"Oh, dearest Charles! let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him."

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms he said to her:

"And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast as she had laid his poor head on her own breast long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her, he was recompensed for his suffering, he was proud of his strength. "You must not be weak, my darling," he remonstrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved him."

CHAPTER VII.

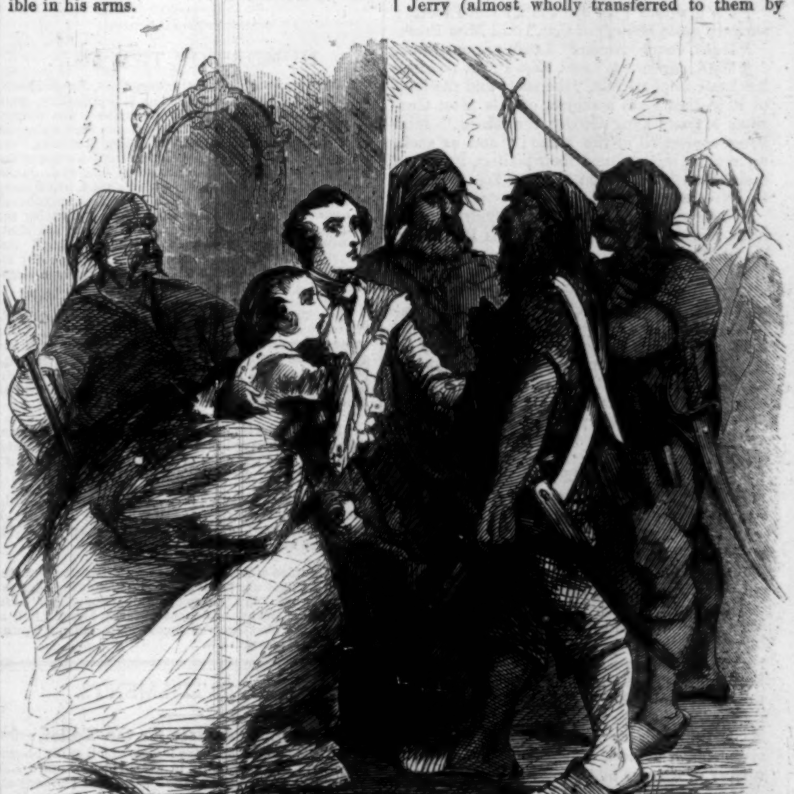
A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

"I have saved him." It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

All the air around was so thick and dark, the people were so passionately revengeful and fitful, the innocent were so constantly put to death on vague suspicion and black malice, it was so impossible to forget that many as blameless as her husband, and as dear to others as he was to her, every day shared the fate from which he had been clutched, that her heart could not be as lightened of its load as she felt it ought to be. The shadows of the wintry afternoon were beginning to fall, and even now the dreadful carts were rolling through the streets. Her mind pursued them, looking for him among the Condemned; and then she clung closer to his real presence and trembled more.

Her father, cheering her, showed a compassionate superiority to this woman's weakness, which was wonderful to see. No garret, no shoe-making, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower, now! He had accomplished the task he had set himself, his promise was redeemed, he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon him.

Their housekeeping was of a very frugal kind: not only because that was the safest way of life, involving the least offense to the people, but because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and toward the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant; the citizen and citizeness who acted as porters at the court-yard gate rendered them occasional service; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by



"THE CITIZEN EVRÉMONDE, CALLED DARNAY."

Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or door-post of every house the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the door-post down below; and as the afternoon shadows deepened the owner of that name himself appeared, from overlooking a painter whom Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay.

In the universal fear and distrust that darkened the time all the usual harmless ways of life were changed. In the Doctor's little household, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption that were wanted were purchased every evening in small quantities and at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy, was the general desire.

For some months past Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money, the latter the basket. Every afternoon, at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although Miss Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind in that direction; consequently she knew no more of "that nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it) than Mr. Cruncher did. So her manner of marketing was to plump a noun-substantive at the head of a shop-keeper without any introduction in the nature of an article, and if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted, to look round for that thing, lay hold of it, and hold on by it until the bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant held up, whatever his number might be.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose eyes were red with felicity, "if you are ready, I am."

Jerry hoarsely professed himself at Miss Pross's service. He had worn all his rust off long ago, but nothing would file his spiky head down.

"There's all manner of things wanted," said Miss Pross, "and we shall have a precious time of it. We want wine among the rest. Nice toasts these Redheads will be drinking wherever we buy it."

"It will be much the same to your knowledge, miss, I should think," retorted Jerry, "whether they drink your health or the Old Un's."

"Who's he?" said Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher, with some diffidence, explained himself as meaning "Old Nick's."

"Ha!" said Miss Pross, "it doesn't need an interpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one, and it's Midnight Murder and Mischief."

"Hush, dear! Pray, pray, be cautious!" cried Lucie.

"Yes, yes, yes, I'll be cautious," said Miss Pross; "but I may say among ourselves that I do hope there will be no oniony and tobaccoey smotherings in the form of embracings going on in the streets. Now, Ladybird, never you stir from that fire till I come back! Take care of the dear husband you have recovered, and don't move your pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now till you see me again! May I ask a question, Doctor Manette, before I go?"

"I think you may take that liberty," the Doctor answered, smiling.

"For gracious' sake don't talk about Liberty; we have quite enough of that," said Miss Pross.

"Hush, dear! Again?" Lucie remonstrated.

"Well, my sweet," said Miss Pross, nodding her head emphatically, "the short and the long of it is, that I am a subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third;" Miss Pross courtesied at the name; "and as such, my maxim is, Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save the King!"

Mr. Cruncher, in an access of loyalty, growlingly repeated the words after Miss Pross, like somebody at church.

"I am glad you have so much of the Englishman in you, though I wish you had never taken that cold in your voice," said Miss Pross, approvingly. "But the question, Doctor Manette. Is there"—it was the good creature's way to affect to make light of any thing that was a great anxiety with them all, and to come at it in this chance manner—"is there any prospect yet of our getting out of this place?"

"I fear not yet. It would be dangerous for Charles yet."

"Heigh-ho-hum!" said Miss Pross, cheerfully repressing a sigh as she glanced at her darling's golden hair in the light of the fire, "then we must have patience and wait; that's all. We must hold up our heads and fight low, as my brother Solomon used to say. Now, Mr. Cruncher!—Don't you move, Ladybird!"

They went out, leaving Lucie and her husband, her father and the child, by a bright fire. Mr. Lorry was expected back presently from the Banking-House. Miss Pross had lighted the lamp, but had put it aside in a corner, that they might enjoy the fire-light undisturbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather with her hands clasped through his arm; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper, began to tell her a story of a great and powerful Fairy who had opened a prison-wall and let out a captive who had once done the Fairy a service. All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie was more at ease than she had been.

"What is that?" she cried, all at once.

"My dear!" said her father, stopping in his story, and laying his hand on hers, "command yourself. What a disordered state you are in! The least thing—nothing—startles you. *You*, your father's daughter?"

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, excusing herself, with a pale face and in a faltering voice, "that I heard strange feet upon the stairs."

"My love, the staircase is as still as Death."

As he said the word a blow was struck upon the door.

"Oh father, father! What can this be? Hide Charles. Save him!"

"My child," said the Doctor, rising and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "I *have* saved him. What weakness is this, my dear! Let me go to the door."

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two intervening outer rooms, and opened it. A rude clattering of feet over the floors, and four rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evrémonde; I saw you before the Tribunal today. You are again the prisoner of the Republic."

The four surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

"Tell me how and why am I again a prisoner?"

"It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow. You are summoned for to-morrow."

Dr. Manette, whom this visitation had so turned into stone that he stood with the lamp in his hand, as if he were a statue made to hold it, moved after these words were spoken, put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the loose front of his red woolen shirt, said:

"You know him, you have said. Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you, Citizen Doctor."

"We all know you, Citizen Doctor," said the other three.

He looked abstractedly from one to another, and said, in a lower voice, after a pause,

"Will you answer his question to me? How does this happen?"

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, reluctantly; "he has been denounced to the Section of Saint Antoine. This citizen," pointing out the second who had entered, "is from Saint Antoine."

The citizen here indicated nodded his head, and added,

"He is accused by Saint Antoine."

"Of what?" asked the Doctor.

"Citizen Doctor," said the first, with his former reluctance, "ask no more. If the Republic demands sacrifices from you, without doubt you, as a good patriot, will be happy to make them. The Republic goes before all. The People is supreme. Evremond, we are pressed."

"One word," the Doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"It is against rule," answered the first; "but you can ask Him of Saint Antoine here."

The Doctor turned his eyes upon that man; who moved uneasily on his feet, pulled his beard a little, and at length said:

"Well! Truly it is against rule. But he is denounced—and gravely—by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

"What other?"

"Do *you* ask, Citizen Doctor?"

"Yes!"

"Then," said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, "you will be answered to-morrow. Now, I am dumb!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Shrewd Idiot.—A well-known idiot, James Fraser, belonging to the parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire, quite surprised people sometimes by his replies. The congregation of his parish church had for some time distressed their minister by their habit of sleeping in church. He had often endeavored to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct; and one day, when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavored to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleeping too."

The director of the Dead House in Paris has (according to *Figaro*) received the following letter: "Sir,—Our uncle disappeared some days since, and his absence has given us the greatest anxiety. If some accident has happened to him, and he should be taken to your establishment, be good enough to notify us. You will recognize him without difficulty, for he is deaf and dumb!"

"I never come late to a friend's dinner," says Boileau, "for I have observed that, when a company is waiting for a man, they make use of that time to load him with abuse."

A would-be wit having fired off all his stale jokes without effect, at last exclaimed, "Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing." "Don't I?" retorted Jerrold, "only try me with one."

At the office of Adams's Express, in this city, the other day, a parcel was received with the following address: "Mr. Edward O'Reilly, Grought Injunction, Mass." After the wit of the establishment had been brought to bear upon it, the direction was discovered to mean "Groton Junction, Massachusetts."

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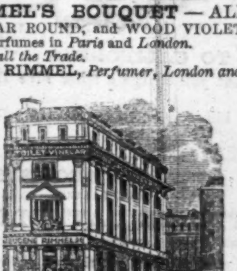

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